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The Week

WE trust that the group of signatories to the protest against the seizure of Haiti by the United States which was recently issued by the Foreign Policy Association will not accept in silence the answer which Mr. Hughes returned to their review of the evidence. The answer of the State Department merely declared in substance that the narrative of the seizure signed by the group of lawyers was a misleading, partial and biassed account of the facts. But the Secretary did not support this accusation by any bill of particulars. He did not inform the complaining lawyers whether the account was misleading because they misinterpreted the public record or because he was in the possession of facts which, if they were known, would throw a great deal of additional light on the whole transaction. If he meant that they had misinterpreted the public record, he would have a hard time to prove it. They did practically nothing but quote from public records. If he meant that the public record did not contain the whole truth, it is all the more necessary for him to let his fellow-citizens know what the truth is. Mr. Hughes answered a detailed indictment with a vague general denial. It was not enough. The signers of the report should ask for more.

HOW completely the two-party system fails to provide in the case of a wrong such as the seizure of Haiti the needed public criticism and protest against an act of oppression by one's own government! There was never an administration which was more bitterly hated, distrusted and condemned by its party opponents than was the administration of Mr. Wilson. Yet they have either ignored or actually endorsed the two policies of Mr. Wilson which were most vulnerable and which defied most flagrantly the liberal tradition in American foreign and domestic politics. One was, of course, the invasion by officials of his administration of individual rights to opinion, to the expression of opinion and to assemblage which the Constitution and the American tradition of liberty were supposed to protect. The other was the seizure of Haiti by force, the suppression of resistance by the usual ruthless and barbarous methods, and the subsequent attempt to give a legal sanction to the violence by a procedure analagous to that used by Japan in Corea. One of the virtues of the two-party system is supposed to be that when an administration indulges in these drunken excesses of power, its party opponents will seize the opportunity to expose their misdeeds to the American public. But the Republicans have done nothing of the kind. Not even their bitter dislike of Mr. Wilson could induce them to criticize him for his least excusable betrayals of democracy. If a small minority of liberals and radicals had not exposed to the public the true nature of these performances of the Wilson administration, they would have passed uncriticized. In relation to Haiti the Nation performed most of the work and deserves most of the credit.

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BELGIUM is officially the prime mover in the rejection of the principle of compensation for foreign property confiscated in Russia in lieu of restoration of the property. Officially France is merely backing Belgium out of gratitude for Belgian services to France in the war. But it has been the settled policy of Belgium, ever since the war, to make common cause with France, and that naturally means to subordinate her policy to that of France. What Belgium does, she does with the consent or at the instigation of France. If everybody did not know this, there might have been a certain moral advantage in putting Belgium forward to veto the Russian settlement.

PUBLISHING all the coal facts will result in demolishing present management. That's the belief of the miners. That's the belief of the operators too, judged by their recent acts. In the anthracite joint conference the miners proposed that the government be invited immediately to investigate and publish the true costs of coal from mine to consumer. Such facts will force the price of coal down $5 a ton, the miners declared. S. D. Warriner, chairman of the operators, balked at the proposition. It would "confuse rather than clarify" issues "which were not within the jurisdiction of the joint committee of miners and operators." In the hearings on bituminous coal, before the Congressional Committee, the operators are strenuously fighting the harmless Bland bill for a fact-finding agency. The editor of the Coal Age, who once judged the "industry as unorganized as the retail grocery business" now derides fact-finding. Even he admits that the operators have no "more facts than the public and the miner." But, he adds, "they know better what the facts mean." They can gamble in coal, but not in coal facts. The miners,—though it will bring lean eating for their children—will do well to make plain to the government that they will settle the strike on the facts, and nothing less.

THE Democratic members of the Senate Committee on Finance estimate that the burden imposed upon the country by the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill will amount to between three and four billions a year. This estimate may fairly be set off against Senator Capper's estimate that the country is losing between three and four million dollars for every day the enactment of the bill is postponed. There is a discrepancy in arithmetic here, but the chief difference is one of point of view. Senator Capper sets down as loss every dollar that the producers of goods fail to take out of the consumer's pocket. The Democratic members set down as loss every dollar the producer takes away from the consumer. Both estimates would dissolve if it were assumed that producer and consumer are alike Americans, with interests deserving national consideration. On this assumption we should have to put the pros and cons of the tariff on another basis. Is it desirable to hasten the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few or is it not? Is it desirable at this juncture to place a handicap on American exports? That this will be the effect of the tariff is hardly to be denied, since we cannot continue indefinitely selling goods abroad without taking goods in return. We have already extended credit to our foreign customers about as far as safety permits. Of course we can cut down our foreign trade if we like; but does that really pay at a time like the present when our foreign competitors are straining every resource to build up solid business connections? The Fordney-McCumber bill is a bad piece of legislation, introduced at a most inopportune time. It will injure us seriously, but no one can possibly say just how much.

AFTER the severest fighting China has seen since the revolution that unseated the Manchu dynasty General Wu P'ei-fu has won a conclusive victory and General Chang Tso-lin has fled to Manchuria a shattered dictator. As in the preceding victories by which General Wu has fought his way to supremacy he won by superior generalship and the higher morale of his troops. General Wu was aided further by the failure of Sun Yat-sen to come to the support of his ally, General Tso-lin, thus enabling Wu to concentrate his strength on one front. News dispatches from China, read between the lines, indicate that Sun was held back by disaffection in his ranks and that some of his generals, less easily deluded than himself, refused to go into action under such noxious auspices as an alliance with the pro-Japanese brigand chieftain. At the last moment Sun appears to have lost the loyalty of the military leaders in the provinces that lay between himself in the extreme South and General Wu's rear in Central China. Wu P'ei-fu is thus left in undisputed control of North China. Chang Tso-lin may be able to rehabilitate himself in Manchuria and maintain himself in a semi-independent state with Japanese support, but he has been eliminated as a factor in China proper.

WHAT use Wu P'ei-fu will make of his power, now that he has at last established his mastery, remains to be seen. Whether he can proceed to a reunification of the country after its many years of dissension depends primarily on Sun Yat-sen, who retains his hold on the extreme South. It is hardly

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likely that the latter will submit to anything like compromise. It is more likely that he will make impossible demands such as the recognition of his rump government in Canton as the legal government of China and himself as president. Sun Yat-sen and his followers have long ceased to distinguish between partisan interests and national welfare; rather, they have come to identify the latter exclusively with the former. If Sun and Wu are unable, therefore, to come to some agreement, Sun may move his troops up to the Yangtsze in accordance with his long-cherished program, and a final clash may be necessary between himself and Wu for national domination. As for Wu P'ei-fu himself, he now comes to his severest test. It remains to be seen whether he will be as successful in the mazes of mandarin intrigue in Peking as in the field of arms. His most loyal adherents are not confident, as he has not yet in his career shown any political subtlety. On the contrary, he has often allowed himself to be surrounded by some of the most guileful of the old mandarin rogues in the country. It is not impossible also that he may become obsessed with the use of power, as did Yuan Shih-kai, and be in turn China's greatest menace.

MINNEAPOLIS has been agitated by the question of whether or not to have military training, under the guidance of the War Department, in its high schools. Naturally it is a question upon which the freest public opinion is worth consulting. At a hearing before the Minneapolis Board of Education, Mr. Russell H. Stafford, a congregational minister, spoke against such military training. No harm in that, but for the fact that Mr. Stafford was also a reserve officer of the United States army. As such, he was promptly called up for trial before a military board of inquiry, on the charge that he had violated section 167 (e) of the regulations for the officers' reserve corps governing offenses "for misconduct, inefficiency and other unfitness." According to Colonel Harry O. Williard, Chief of Staff of the 88th division, Mr. Stafford, though not in uniform, is as a reserve officer subject to the same discipline as a regular, and regulars "have always been restrained from expressing opinions opposed to the policy of the government, especially of the War Department." Until the outcome of this test case to decide whether reserve officers are to be allowed to express themselves as citizens of the United States, be careful, and if you happen to be a reserve officer and also a barber, don't talk too freely to your customers about the Tariff, Muscle Shoals, Genoa, and other government policies. Perhaps the true explanation of the inquisition held over Mr. Stafford is to be found in the answer given by an officer to a Minneapolis reporter, who asked him upon what article of the code the charges would be based, that "These radicals and socialists are getting in the saddle. If this rabble can find anyone to lead them, they will follow."

SUPPOSE that in the event of the failure of the Genoa Conference to settle the Russian question, England and Italy reach an agreement with the Soviet government according recognition and placing trading relations under the most favored nation provision, as Germany, and apparently Poland, have already done. And suppose that the Soviet government proceeds to distribute concessions among British, German, Polish and Italian business concerns, in return for credits. What share will American concerns secure in this traffic? The American government would probably throw no obstacles in the way of those who tried to do business with Russia on their own risk. But what if the Soviet government discriminated against them in favor of the nationals of governments which had recognized it? Our State Department could not lodge a protest with the Soviet government, because that government does not exist officially in our eyes. It might protest to England, Germany, Italy and Poland against their permitting their nationals to acquire concessions in Russia, but that would be to assume a supervisory power over the kind of treaties those nations make. Mr. Hughes has intimated, in a friendly way, that we do not think other states ought to make arrangements with Russia that exclude our participation, but those states are likely to reply in an equally friendly way that our exclusion is of our own choosing.

Russia at Genoa

A SHREWD observer among the press representatives at Genoa says that Russia came to the game without any chips at all but by the present time has succeeded in accumulating more chips than anyone else. And that, most persons will agree, is a fair statement. When it was first announced that Lloyd George proposed to invite Russia to the Conference, a cautious student of current diplomatic methods would have been justified in doubting that the invitation would ever be formally issued. Lloyd George's announcement looked like a trial balloon. It must have looked like that to the Russians themselves, since they did not wait for the formal invitation but promptly accepted the proposal, as received through the news, by wireless.

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After that it appeared to be impolitic to exclude Russian representation altogether. But the public interested in international affairs was given to understand that the Russian delegates would be kept in some insulated loop on the fringe of the Conference. Evidently they hoped to make propaganda. Well, they wouldn't get a chance. The western powers would agree among themselves just what they would require Russia to do and undo, promise and disavow. Then they would call the Russians in, like the Germans at Versailles, dictate to them such terms as the acknowledgement of the Tsarist debt, the war debts, including perhaps the millions spent by England and France in aid of Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel and Co., the restoration of private property formerly held by foreigners, the establishment of mixed courts for the protection of foreign interests. In return the Soviet government would receive some sort of probationary recognition. This was all the Russians were to receive, according to the semi-official announcements of Allied policy. In the opinion of Mr. Gompers, Mr. Hughes and Mr. A. J. Sack, even to go so far in according the Soviet government an international status was a dangerous, if not immoral, proceeding.

But from the moment that the Russians appeared on the floor of the Conference, it has been evident that all the advance information as to their place on the program was misleading. All the other objects of the Conference were subordinated to the Russian problem. And that problem proved not to be one of dictating terms to Russia, but of finding terms that were mutually satisfactory. Lloyd George engaged in long, friendly discussions with the Russian representatives. So did the Italians, and even the French had to meet them face to face. The Germans concluded a treaty with them on the spot, a fact which gave additional substance to the most-favored-nation agreement between Russia and Poland, signed shortly before at Riga. Evidently the Russians had something to give, as well as something they wanted to receive. They were no longer to be regarded as mere suppliants for international toleration. In the course of the negotiations down to the present they have been forced to validate the old Russian debt, in principle, and agree to enter into a discussion of the war debt. They have also been forced to acknowledge the right of alien property holders to compensation.

But the western powers have been forced to abandon their demand for mixed tribunals, and to consider the extension of credits in exchange for Russia's assumption of obligations, public and private. It does not now appear that a general agreement along these lines can be reached at Genoa, since the French and Belgians insist on the restoration of property, instead of compensation for it, and since the Soviet demands for credit are excessive. But it has been rather clearly intimated that if the general negotiation fails, England and Italy will feel themselves free to make separate treaties with the Soviet government. And it is a fairly safe guess that a basis for negotiating such treaties will easily be found. England and Italy will not extend to Russia all the credits the Russians want, but neither will they insist very strongly on the assumption of Tsarist debts. These debts are chiefly a concern of France and Belgium, and if those two countries choose to remain aloof, neither the Russians nor the British and Italians will be greatly disturbed.

As a result of developments at Genoa, the wall of isolation around Soviet Russia has been broken down on the side of Germany and apparently Poland; it will soon break down on the side of England and Italy; Czecho-Slovakia will certainly follow closely after England, and Scandinavia and Switzerland will not remain long behind. How can we account for such a revolutionary change in the position of Russia? By the good sense and skill exhibited by the Russian delegates? The Russian delegation has indeed exhibited great ability in the negotiations. But diplomacy is not a fertile field for personal triumphs. The Russians have won their success by proving that they have something to give and that they are in a position to give it.

What have they to give? Russia, with Siberia, is by all odds the richest undeveloped territory in the world. The oil wells and forests and mines are there, but the only questions are whether the present regime will agree to favorable terms for their exploitation, will abide by their terms and remain in power long enough to justify the initial outlay. As to the first question, the answer is yes; Lloyd George has stated that the conditions the Russians offer would be satisfactory to British business men. As to the second, no well informed person accepts the myth that the Soviet leaders are less scrupulous of their agreements than any other government. The crucial question is the third. Is the Soviet regime moribund, threatened with overthrow by a party which will repudiate all its agreements?

This is a question that can not be answered dogmatically. But it is many months since any competent observer has recorded the appearance of a promising movement for the overthrow of the Soviet government. There are disagreements and dissensions within the ruling party, no doubt. But

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there are no indications anywhere of a civil struggle impending. There will no doubt be periodic driftings toward the left or toward the right. It is entirely possible that such driftings may carry the government far to one side of communism. It is also possible that one faction in the government may forcibly depose another. But there is a good chance that some sort of legal continuity will be maintained for years, perhaps indefinitely.

It is this chance that the present government will prove legally continuous with any government which may succeed it that alone justifies de jure recognition. The European governments that have accorded recognition and those that are preparing to accord it must have canvassed the possibilities pretty thoroughly. And their final conclusion, as expressed in their acts, is worth the mature consideration of our own government. For if the Soviet government is the starting point of a new legality in Russia, we ought to make our arrangements accordingly. In pursuance of an ideal we may delay as long as we like about Mexico, because our paramount interest there is undisputed. If we delay too long about Russia we shall find ourselves permanently at a disadvantage in competition with the European nations.

More Trouble on the Railroads

THE Railroad Labor Board is struggling for its life again in the swift eddies of industrial conflict, and with it the principle of continuous arbitration in an essential public service. On the same day news came from Chicago that the Pennsylvania Railroad had by federal injunction prevented the Board from publicly censuring it for disobeying an order, and that the federated shop crafts had authorized a strike ballot on the issue of farming out repair work to contractors. Editorials in the journals both of management and unions are condemning the Board, and there is danger that its powers and influence will be jammed between the contending forces, even if no adverse legislation results in Congress.

Many of the railroad executives have been well disposed toward the labor provisions of the Transportation act, and with scarcely a dissenting voice they spoke for "the public" in support of the Board's moral influence when the transportation Brotherhoods threatened to strike against the first wage reduction—as they had an apparent legal right to do. Scarcely were these unions put in their place, however, when attack upon the Board was resumed by a powerful faction among the railroads led by General Atterbury of the Pennsylvania. By conviction and associations General Atterbury is allied with influential anti-union "open shop" employers such as Judge Gary. The requirements of collective bargaining and arbitration embodied in the Labor Board stand in the way of of a union-smashing campaign. The Pennsylvania in the fashion of the day, refused to confer with union officials as such, or with anyone not regularly employed by it, and attempted to form a "company union" to take the place of the authentic labor organization. The union members declined to cooperate in this procedure; their officials protested to the Board; the Board ordered the railroad to allow its employees to vote for union representatives if they so wished; the railroad defied the order, and secured an injunction preventing the Board even from censuring it publicly for its recalcitrance. Federal Judge Page, in upholding the injunction, ruled not only that the Board had no jurisdiction over the form of collective bargaining, but that it had no right to attempt to enforce its rulings when a submission was not made jointly by both parties. This decision, therefore, throws the door open to the unrestricted aggression of either party against the other. Another ground of dissatisfaction with the Board on the part of railway managers is its slowness in granting wage reductions which the railroads believe necessary.

Union officials are not unanimous against the Board any more than are the executives, but their dissatisfaction is better grounded than would appear justified on the surface. They remember vividly the threatened action against them when they attempted to resist a wage award, and they contrast it with the inaction and powerlessness of the Board in enforcing its decisions upon the employers. The managers hold the initiative; they can evade the Board's rulings almost at will, and appeals against their action rest indefinitely without result. The farming out of shop repair work is a flagrant instance. No sooner were wages and working rules established than numerous roads gave out their repair work to non-union shops, and in many cases actually leased their own shops to dummy concerns who installed non-union conditions. Protest to the Board brought no effective action, and the unions had to wait for months while the practice grew. It is on this undecided issue that a strike is now threatened. In another case, a road refused to put the Board's wage and other rulings into effect, went into bankruptcy, and the receiver was prevented by a federal court from obeying the Board. In still another a small road defied the Board; the employees struck in support of the decision and remained out for months; the road applied to the Board for relief and the decision was altered in its favor.

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Such events stimulate at once the traditional opposition of conservative union officials to governmental arbitration, and the impatience of radical direct actionists among the rank and file. Both believe that better results for the employees could be obtained if the organizations were perfectly free to parade their economic power in all negotiations with the executives, without the imminence of an arbitral decision by a superior body, swayed by the intangible forces of propaganda, in every minor disagreement. Open shop campaigns such as that of the Pennsylvania arouse not their fear, but their fighting blood.

Thus the Board is blamed by both parties for the inevitable results of a situation in which both parties cannot possibly obtain satisfaction at once. If the railroad executives succeed in emasculating it for the purpose of attacking the unions, they will merely intensify ill-feeling and in the long run incur stoppages and immense losses. If the unions bring about the abolishment of the Board, they will run full-steam against the concentrated force of the largest and most solidly supported aggregation of capital in the country, which can call down all the police power of the government on their heads the moment any widespread interruption of transportation threatens the public welfare.

No doubt the administrative powers of the Board may be extended and improved without resorting to compulsory arbitration. Every effort should be made to find remedies for justified complaints of either party. But the basic difficulty is not with the Board; it is with the financing and management of the railways. Can the railways, under private ownership, possibly combine fair rates to the farmers and other shippers, fair treatment to their employees, and a rate of return on their capitalization which will sufficiently attract new investment? They have not yet been able to do so, and until they do so, hot friction between management and men is inevitable. The Labor Board, as a buffer, is likely to be worn thin between the grinding forces. If the unions confine their attention to the buffer, they will not remedy their complaints; the pressure of the opposing forces is sure to drive them back. Open resistance is likely to be as disastrous to themselves as to the public. What is needed is a form of railroad organization and control which can operate the transportation system primarily in the interest of all rather than primarily in the interest of the owners of capital. The unions would best serve their own cause as well as that of the public, if they would make the troubles of the Labor Board an occasion for renewing their examination into railroad fundamentals.

Beveridge Comes Back

THE victory of Albert J. Beveridge in the Republican Senatorial primaries of Indiana is one of those political surprises which lends itself to misleading interpretation. Inasmuch as Senator New has loyally supported the President and is one of his friends, Mr. Harding's opponents applaud Mr. New's defeat as a repudiation of the administration by the Republican voters. It may possess by a minor percentage a significance of this kind, but we doubt whether many of the Republicans who preferred Beveridge to New cast their vote with the object chiefly of discrediting and repudiating Mr. Harding. The administration and the Republican machine of Indiana carefully refrained from taking sides in the election. Mr. New, it is true, tried to capitalize his intimacy with Mr. Harding, but his opponent did not accept this challenge. His speeches were not soured by the slightest flavor of anti-administration feeling. Mr. New's defeat confirms the impression shared by all close political observers that the President has not earned much positive popularity, but it certainly does not justify any inference as to his positive personal unpopularity.

It would be a mistake also to attribute Mr. Beveridge's victory to any strong preference on the part of the Republican voters of Indiana for progressivism rather than conservatism. In his canvass the victor, so far from emphasizing his record as a progressive, was equally careful not to disturb that sleeping dog. He advanced no heretical and inconvenient ideas and did not outline any personal legislative program. Considering his former notoriety as a progressive, he doubtless would have failed of nomination if the tendency of public opinion had continued to be as unprogressive as it was in 1918 and 1920, but this assertion goes as far as it is safe to go in interpreting Mr. Beveridge's nomination as a progressive victory. It is a sign not of a renewed yawning of the old breach in the Republican party but probably of its final disappearance. While the Republicans do not form a particularly harmonious body, they are divided, not so much as during the Roosevelt period into a left wing and a right wing, as into a number of groups more or less conscious of conflicting economic interests.

Mr. Beveridge's victory is then in all probability fully seventy-five percent personal. When the Progressive party collapsed during the years which succeeded Mr. Wilson's first election, Mr. Beveridge found it peculiarly difficult to recover his old standing in the Republican party. He had

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committed himself more completely to Progressivism than had any of the Republican national leaders except Mr. Roosevelt, and he had stirred up by the vehemence of his attacks on the Republican machine and its ways more animosity among his former associates. As a man who wished to pursue a political career, his problem was how to get back. In order to do so he pursued the wise course of disappearing from politics until the resentment aroused by his bellicose anti-Republicanism had subsided. In the meantime he devoted his time to writing an able and scholarly life of Justice Marshall, and more recently to gradually reinstating himself in the confidence of the Republican voters of Indiana. He seized every occasion to address non-partisan meetings in different parts of the state and to recommend himself to his fellow citizens by non-contentious discourses on public affairs. Thus he has insinuated himself back into public life and into a recognized position in his party. He has earned his reinstatement. If he is reelected, as we trust he will be, he will bring to the consideration of public questions a more ardent disposition and a more alert and liberal intelligence than any but a few of the existing members of the Senate.

His nomination, so far as it is symptomatic of any general movement of American public opinion, indicates the rise of a vague but substantial feeling of mixed restlessness, uncertainty and timidity. The restlessness is caused by discontent with present operation of American industrial and political institutions and by dissatisfaction with their reaction upon the interests of existing economic groups. But the dissatisfaction lacks sufficient impulse and candor to come to a head in active approval of any progressive or radical party, program or political leader. It will for the present find expression only in voting against the party and the politicians who happen to be governing the country. The addition to the electorate of the women voters probably reinforced this disposition to appease the prevailing restlessness by disapproving the conduct of the existing government, no matter who and what it is. The women voters are not as strongly attached to either of the two old parties as are the men. They will yield in larger numbers to the temptation of believing that they can remedy some of the shortcomings of existing government by substituting for it the government by a like-minded group of politicians with another name.

There is plausible reason why public opinion should combine this restlessness with triviality and timidity in action and why the result of their union is and may continue for some time to be the sterilization of American government and the condemnation to apparent futility of American political controversies. The American people vaguely feel the need of striking their tents and beginning to march. But they are all or partly dressed up with nowhere to go. The majority of them have at different times supported one or more of the progressive causes or agitations which have swept over the country during the last thirty years, but they look back upon their adventures in heterodoxy with disenchantment rather than with a glow of satisfaction. It was usually characteristic of these agitations to base a futile remedy upon a superficial analysis of the disease. The American electorate consequently has become sceptical about progressive war cries, and this scepticism is for the present intensified by the prevalence of a general and lively fear of getting associated with any agitation or economic program which can plausibly be accused of radicalism. On the other hand the livelier fear of radicalism is traceable finally to an increasing uneasiness about the foundations of American political and economic institutions rather than to any access of complacency. Americans are disillusioned not only about the changes whereby reformers propose to remedy the maladies of their public body, but also with the body politic itself. It has a way of getting out of order. They wish to do something about it, but they do not know what to do. They are afraid that if they let themselves go and inquire too carefully into what needs to be done, they may find it necessary to do too much. In the meantime they get along. The old machine works badly but it still works somehow. Let well enough alone.

This is not an heroic attitude, but it is promisingly realistic. It assuredly constitutes an improvement upon the narrow-minded dogmatic insistence on particular reforms which has characterized so much American progressivism or the attempt to protect abuses by tying them in with the essentials of public order which has characterized so much American conservatism. We hope that this sceptical and disillusioned attitude will continue, provided, of course, that conservatives share it with liberals and radicals. A great nation cannot live for long upon illusions, and the American spirit, both in its progressive and conservative incarnations, has derived too much of its nourishment from one easy and dangerous illusion. It has believed in the ability of the state, acting as the instrument of the good intentions of a majority of the community, to provide for all the essentials of personal liberty and public welfare. Both conservatives and progressives, that is, have wor-

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shipped a prodigious political god, and have endowed him with an omniscience and an omnipotence to which he was not entitled. If the intelligent and well informed public opinion of the country is ever to mould its conduct, it must begin by lowering the pedestal from which the state looks down upon its cowering subjects, and it must continue the good work by setting up around the great god a variety of more modest economic, social, educational and ethical gods which will preside benignly over public activities. Then perhaps we shall have less conservatism and more conservation, less progressivism and more progress.

Liberalism and Irrationalism

IT used to be charged that liberals or intellectuals are those whose convictions lack robust emotional vitality. But the plight in which American liberalism finds itself as a result of the cataclysmic events of the last decade, has brought forth the taunt from conservatives and radicals that liberals are also intellectually unresourceful. Candid liberals need not be at pains to deny this latter charge very strenuously. Liberalism is, in fact, a more difficult faith to maintain. It is rather easy for the conservative, supported as he is by basic human inertia and the organic fear of the unknown or the untried, to maintain his position by merely demanding that the innovators should prove that their schemes will work better than those already in operation. In the uncertainty of human affairs such demonstration can seldom be complete.

This same uncertainty makes it also difficult to refute the radicals' faith that all the rooted evils in human life will be cured by some simple remedy, like the single tax, state or guild socialism, communism, or the anarchy called individualism. The liberal who has no a priori guaranteed principles of reform, but, like the student of physical science, uses principles as hypotheses to be constantly checked up by the facts of experience, has a more complicated task than that of merely maintaining his initial assumptions. He must view his own assumptions critically and be constantly modifying them to keep up with the revelations of actual life. If, like the radical, he starts with the conviction that human life and growth demand conscious change and the spirit of adventure, he cannot blind himself to the fatal dangers inherent in all such adventures. To liberate mankind from the mass of needless restraints and superstitions that is part of "the wisdom of the past," is not an affair of pronunciamento and simple magical formula. It demands varied and accurate knowledge, critical reflection, and a constant readiness to meet with the unexpected. The honest liberal must, therefore, frequently confess that life is baffling because it outstrips knowledge; whereas the faith of the radical or conservative, if held tenaciously enough, saves its devotees from the labor of constantly examining the factual evidence, and makes it unnecessary, even disloyal, to suspend judgment until further knowledge is attainable.

This circumstance explains why the liberal has the appearance of being irresolute and unresourceful. But far more important is the fact that it explains why in an impatient world liberals are constantly tempted to depart from their difficult path and either embrace some simple panacea or else solace themselves with a rather too easy scepticism. Indeed scepticism and credulity frequently go together, as in Professor Robinson's recent book, Mind in the Making, which begins by rejecting the "findings of mankind" and then naïvely puts forth as "indisputable historical facts" not only the incompletely verified hypotheses of the newer social sciences but also old exploded views as to the history of science. There can be no questioning the many charms which this book possesses, not the least of which is its cultivated urbanity. Professor Robinson shows himself therein to be a true liberal not only by the fine scorn which he metes out to the bigoted intolerances of the Luskers but even more so by his profession of faith in creative intelligence. But when we come to ask for the method and content of this creative intelligence, Professor Robinson fails to give us anything positive and substantial. He believes in a general way that human salvation depends on introducing the methods of physical science into our social problems. But his acceptance of the fashionable distrust of reason bars him from any careful analysis of what constitutes the method and limits of physical science; and his excessive haste to prove the conservative in the wrong leads him to embrace the unhistorical notion that modern science began when Bacon, Descartes and Galileo resolved to escape from the past (pp. 16, 154, 200). The fact, however, is undeniable that the great founders of modern science, like Vessalius, Copernicus, Harvey, and Kepler were deeply learned in Greek science, which was the indispensable basis of their work. Nor did Descartes and Galileo start with a new slate or tabula rasa. They began rather with definite neo-Platonic theories, e. g. that the book of nature is written in geometric terms. The contrary impression, that these men began with disregarding

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all previous theories, determined to let the experimental facts tell their own story, is due to the fact that literary historians do not find it easy to read the original scientific works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and are content to get their information from popular accounts such as Descartes' Discourse on Method or Bacon's Novum Organum. But Descartes' Discourse is misleading when detached from his Geometry and Optics, and Bacon, despite his undoubted genius, has no more claim to be regarded as a founder of modern science than Theodore Roosevelt. Indeed in respect to the Copernican astronomy, Bacon was rather the W. J. Bryan of his day.

The prevailing ideaphobia or distrust of reason shows itself perhaps most characteristically in the way Professor Robinson's discovery of the importance of motives or "real" reasons leads him to belittle the process of rationalization or the finding of 'good' logical reasons. Ordinary experience seems to indicate quite clearly that the reasons people give for their religious, political, economic and legal policies do influence the development of these policies, and that the "good reasons" professed by our fathers yesterday are among the real reasons of the life of today. Is there any basis for the denial of all efficiency to the essentially human process of rationalization, except the half-baked metaphysical doctrine of determinism? This dogma is supposed to be proved by modern physical science, but reputable physicists are careful to disown it. Many today will probably sympathize with Professor Robinson's flippant contempt for metaphysics, a human enterprize which William James characterized as "but the obstinate effort to think clearly." But the most metaphysical of living philosophers, Bradley, long ago pointed out that if metaphysics is the assigning of bad reasons for that which we hold on instinct, the seeking for such reasons is itself an instinct, and one, we may add, that plays a leading rôle in the life of civilization. In any case some acquaintance with traditional philosophy might teach us caution in trying to *disprove* a fundamental human attitude like conservatism, by the fragments of the past we call history. For the selection of facts which constitutes our history is moulded by our philosophy, and the conservative can thus select his facts and prove his case about as well as Professor Robinson. Indeed, at the basis of both Professor Robinson's position and that of the conservative there is the same disinclination to deal with the specific instrumentalities by which any actual improvements in man's political, economic and social state can ever be brought about.

Our readers must not think that all this is of purely academic interest. It is significant of the danger to true liberalism from the anti-rational modes which prevail among "intellectuals" today. The reaction against the follies of the old rationalism has led them to the opposite extreme of irrationalism. We must remember that the old liberalism which expressed itself in the Declaration of Independence and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man in 1789, was frankly rationalistic. By its faith in reason and rational principles it overthrew feudalism, introduced popular education, reformed the old atrocious criminal law, humanized the treatment of the sick in body and mind, liberated scientific research from the trammels of theology, and opened up new sources for the enjoyment of life. It came to grief because in its enthusiasm for reason it ignored the roots of humanity in brute animal nature. Its simple faith in the brotherhood of man ignored the voluminous emotions of nationalism, and its cherished belief that enlightenment would make free competition a universal blessing, found itself foiled by the actual effects of private capitalistic concentration. This, however, means not that we must reject the older liberalism but that we must give it a firmer basis. For the discovery that the flowers of human life have their roots in the dark soil, does not in any way deny the value and importance of sunlight. We seem to be living in a time when the worship of the Olympian gods of the air, the sky and the sunlight is being replaced by the worship of the underground deities. But it is well to remember that it has always been of the very essence of liberal civilization that the organic or basic motives of man should be regulated and controlled by the light of reason.

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Chicherin

BEFORE Genoa, Chicherin was, in that great manufacturing plant of troubles and treaties—the diplomatic world—simply a name on a note. It was as a letter writer that the Foreign Commissar of outlawed Russia drew the fire, the scorn, and, at times, the secret admiration of some very worthy adversaries. His letters have been the most audacious, pestiferous, annoying missives that ever disturbed Lord Curzon's breakfast or prepared a plank for M. Briand's political coffin. Blasting at the established order from afar he has aroused an almost unprecedented amount of debate and curiosity.

En route from Russia I dined with a young diplomat who said he would rather be Chicherin thumbing his nose at the world than any other man in Europe.

"Tell me," he demanded, leaning eagerly across the table, "what is he really like?"

Every negotiator who went to Genoa, whether he was an irreconcilable and determined debt collector from France, an Englishman with a reluctant olive branch, or a well-behaved "Little Ententer," asked the same question—"What is he really like?"

Meeting the mild mannered little man that is Chicherin, with his high frailish voice and pedantic speech, it is difficult to imagine him smashing anything. Yet no one in the world's eye has so completely broken with the past—class training, tradition, everything—as this son of a noble become a Communist Commissar. And as all things Russian are conceded to be paradoxical, so is Chicherin an entirely logical product of this same past.

Materially he had nothing to gain for himself by revolution. He was of the few who already had all there was worth having in Russia, of place and power and the fruits of empire. He is a diplomat by inheritance and training, but by inheritance and training he is also a non-conformist. In the conflict of personalities it was the non-conformist in him that won; the dissenting strain that took him from the Imperial Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where he learned his diplomacy, into the service of the Soviet. A monk eschewing the world, the flesh, and the devil could make no more thorough job of renunciation for his faith than George Chicherin has done. He has stripped life of the last vestige of everything that does not pertain to work. He eats and sleeps at the foreign office. He has no life outside of that. Physically he seems quite insensitive. Hunger and cold and heat mean nothing to him.

Before he went to Genoa he never left the building except on the rare occasion of an important meeting at the Kremlin. Though he lives there all the time, he does not belong. He wanders around the corridors like a sleepwalker, intent upon the whirling things in his own brain. His body does not seem to belong to his mind, or his clothes to his body, or his office to himself.

His eyes, wide set, large, and protruding, look out from under heavy brows, curiously arched at the outer ends. He has a long intellectual nose, and a high, dome-like forehead, stretching far back to a strip of thin, light brown hair. A long untrimmed mustache half conceals rather full lips; and a thin brown beard lengthens his face to balance the elongated forehead.

I think of him most often as I saw him one quiet Moscow Sunday, when, for the space of an evening, he consented to talk of himself. That night the city below us seemed hushed and far away—further still seemed revolution, famine, and international conflict. He opened the door into the world from which he had come and I was back nearly half a century ago with a shy, quiet, precocious little boy in a big house, watching him unconsciously being prepared by life to be one of the earth's odd men—perhaps one of the world's great men.

I saw his pious mother, a shadowy figure in the background of his youth—his father, in the height of a brilliant career smashing it to pieces on the sharp crags of an uncompromising faith—his nonconformist uncle deliberately hurling himself from the high places which life had allotted him, because he would insist on publicly hoping that his monarch would listen to the voice of the people.

During his early boyhood days his father was counsellor of the Russian Embassy in Paris. He had been chosen as Russian ambassador to America when an incident occurred which put an end to his career. He was offered an insult which, according to the nobles' code of the hour could be settled only with pistols. But the elder Chicherin belonged to a protestant pietist group led by Edmond de Pressensé, and condemnation of dueling was one of the tenets of the creed. He refused the duel on principle but considered himself disgraced; resigned his diplomatic career and went into seclusion on his country estate in Russia. There he lived, unhappy, tormented by the idea that people would think him a coward. Then the Turkish War began. He went to the front with the Red Cross and courted death, but the bullets

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of the Turks persistently evaded him. There in the marshes he acquired a disease from which he died in 1882.

George Chicherin was ten years old. His uncle inherited the guardianship of the small lad. He was a liberal of the Manchester school, philosopher, educator, author. In the beginning of the sixties he was professor of public law in the Moscow University, but was forced to resign because of his ideas. At the time Chicherin came under his influence he had again come into power as Lord Mayor of Moscow. When Alexander III was crowned he pronounced the speech which put an end to his career in that office. It was not socialism or anything akin to it, that the Lord Mayor advocated. It was not even so desperate a thing as democracy he wanted. He asked only that the Tsar listen to the voice of the people, but in those days that was red radicalism akin to anarchy.

From his cradle the small George had an inordinate passion for knowledge, and he began to satisfy it even before the age of tutors. When his teachers started to show him how to write, they discovered he had already learned it for himself. He insists that he still writes very badly, because he never learned to hold his pen properly. He loved Greek and Latin verse, especially the Greek tragedies. He told me Zola, Flaubert, and de Maupassant interested him most among the Frenchmen. He found Tchehov feeble in ideas but beautiful in a literary sense. To this day he reads Goethe's Faust and Shelley's poems over and over when he is tired. He finds in them the healing recreation that some of our American men of affairs find in detective stories. But history fascinated him most—that and music.

He has the sensitive speaking hands of a musician, and used to play the flute or the piano sometimes whole days and nights at a time. Today he touches neither. Only once since the revolution has he gone to a concert. Musically, Wagner had the strongest influence on his life. He was seventeen when the first Wagnerian opera was produced in Petrograd. He went quite mad over it. He calls Bach colossal, superhuman, and speaks of Mozart as supersweetness, the Hellenic Greek ideal.

"Don't you miss it all terribly?" I asked.

"I prefer not to awake a world of sensation that would take me away from my direct activity," he answered.

George Chicherin was thirteen when the family took him from the quiet of Tambov and his father's books to the more exciting life of Petrograd where he was to be prepared for society and a diplomatic career. In time he arrived at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where he stayed until 1904, absorbing all that the Tsarist ministers could teach of international politics. This environment, calculated to make him proof against the incendiary ideas that were beginning to take hold of Russian youth, completed his revolutionary education. He could not endure and keep silent in the face of the Russian despotism.

"I thought of the social world surrounding me as the result of change and doomed to change," he said. "The barbaric character of the Russian despotism, the terrible poverty, the terrible persecution—these hastened my revolutionary development."

Ambitious to learn more of the different schools of revolutionary thought he went abroad to study. When his revolutionary activities were discovered, Russian officialdom was indignant, doubly angry, because of his position. He was warned by his friends never to return. The outbreak of the war found him in Brussels. The German advance drove him to England. Before his return to Russia to become Minister of Foreign Affairs he spent five months in an English prison. There as always he was the student, the investigator. From an English prison he stepped into his present post as Minister of Foreign Affairs. These years have been typical of the life of a Moscow Commissar except that Chicherin has worked longer hours and lived more frugally than any of them.

His office, a large square barren room in the huge building recently taken over for the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, is carpeted and correct in accordance with Russia's idea of what befits her growing respectability, but it has the austerity of a monk's cell despite anything the secretaries can do to it. It is neither the shining place of high polished efficiency from which Trotsky directs the Red army or the convenient bookish workshop of Lenin. It is the room in which for purposes of the Soviet state Chicherin is sentenced to keep his bodily form. The real foreign office is under the slightly bald top of the Commissar's own head and nobody doubts it.

Chicherin's workday starts at three or four in the afternoon when most of Moscow is quitting its job and he works through until ten or eleven next morning. The office is open twenty-four hours a day and the secretariat and stenographers work shifts. Many of them have described his method of work to me. He goes from one to the other dictating in French or English, German, or Russian, equally at home in all of them. One of his stenographers told me she could tell the mood he was in by the language he used. When a clerk or a stenographer has to be scolded, the task falls to one of the secretaries. Chicherin never does

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it himself. Everything else that is done by the foreign office, Chicherin does. Every paper passes through his hands, and the passing is no mere formality. His is not a rubber stamp signature. He knows the first word and the last and all the in-between ones on every written page submitted to him.

When he is at home he works in his shirt sleeves regardless of weather, an old gray muffler wrapped around his neck. At nine at night and again at four in the morning he has a frugal meal of soup and kasha. The samovar is kept boiling all night. The Red soldier outside his door set to guard him sometimes falls asleep. The Commissar passes him on tiptoe and says, "Sh, he is sleeping," to anyone who walks noisily.

Things are an annoyance to him. He will take nothing for himself except the bare necessities of life. When he has persistently refused a new suit of clothes for months and months, one of his secretaries finally steals the old while he is sleeping and leaves him the new one with no other alternative than protesting acceptance. Always it is plain black and with it he wears a black tie.

I asked him if he thought it possible to live a life such as his and keep normal. He looked at me silently for a minute, all of himself gathered into his eyes, the spiritual dignity, the gigantic faith of the man. It was a look I shall remember long after I have forgotten the last of his words. There was something magnificent about it. High, like mountain peaks, strong, sure, enduring; the stuff of which big things are made. Then he spoke very quietly, steadily, "In such a great historical crisis nothing else is possible. The minority has the responsibility for the historic moment."

It is so he regards himself—a tool in the hands of destiny. It is so he regards his associates, his fellow commissars and his secretariat. It takes a stout hearted communist to be a member of Chicherin's secretariat. He spares them little more than he spares himself. They also are cogs in the Marxist machine. But I knew what the frailest and hardest worked of them all meant when he said, with utter devotion in his eyes, "Chicherin is one great man who does not diminish as you come closer to him."

Thus far Chicherin's personal performance at Genoa has fulfilled the promise of his notes. It has been equally irritating to his opponents. But the clever diplomat like the great general recognizes strategic skill when he meets it even though the manoeuvre comes from the enemy camp. By turning a feeble defensive into a vigorous offensive, by attacking instead of waiting to be attacked, Chicherin captured the conference at its inception. His methods at close range are those he has employed from a distance. Whatever the results of Genoa it is clear that the net returns from this policy of aggression, even after the retreat has been completed, will be more to Russia's advantage than those returns would have been had Chicherin sat silent awaiting attack.

No man who went to Genoa was more thoroughly prepared. His general and specific knowledge is staggering in its extent and precision. Most of his notes, masterpieces of political ingenuity and fearlessness, would be the better for a liberal blue-penciling, but Chicherin adds to the Russian inclination toward circumlocution a passion for exactitude. His mind is an encyclopaedia of historic, geographic, and biographic data.

To take from Moscow, despite the economic collapse of that war torn, famine ridden, blockaded country, a united political front, stretching from the Far East Republic to Turkestan and Georgia, was in itself a feat. As he journeyed he gathered strength. The agreement with the Baltic states was overshadowed by the German Treaty, but it was an eye opener to those who have thought of the great Russian Empire in terms of Humpty Dumpty's broken egg.

If he had carried to Genoa the conviction of sin which some would like to impose upon him, his conduct would, of necessity, have been different. But Chicherin's faith in the Russian Revolution has not wavered an iota in the last five years. He admits mistakes, but they are tactical errors, unrelated to the basic principles of Sovietism. He believes his government the only one that can bring equilibrium to Russia.

"Practical business and reconstruction—that is our aim," he told me on the eve of Genoa. "If you take everything away from the Russian working class it will not submit; if you try to bring complete communism that will fail. It is impossible to give everything to the one group or to the other. We alone can bring the compromise; we alone can enter into an agreement with capitalist nations, knowing that we can give them their due. This compromise is the only way to obtain economic reconstruction of Russia and the world."

When Chicherin spoke of America he shook his head. "Russia is America's golden opportunity," he said, "but she does not realize it." "America has everything; surplus of capital, machines, agricultural implements, everything that Russia needs. We have enormous riches of nature. We have the comprehension but not the means to develop it. In Central Russia we have recently discovered new mineral wealth. The surface of our country has hardly been scraped. Our interests in the Far East

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are identical with those of America. History has assigned to us and to America that we shall go hand in hand in the Far East. If America and Russia combine they will be strong enough to prevent war."

I asked about open diplomacy, which he so strongly advocated in the early days. "When we deal with governments who do not practice open diplomacy, we cannot practice it," he said. "But our guiding doctrines are more strongly proved by new developments everywhere. The productive force of the world can only be developed through cooperation. The highest possibility of this cooperation is in the political field."

This very devotion to cooperation, to man in the mass, dooms Chicherin always to walk alone. His associates smile sometimes a little tenderly over his oddities, but most of them give him a degree of respect they accord to almost no one else, because his utter selflessness compels it.

He is a mind, a cause, a passion.

BESSIE BEATTY.

The Biblical Style

WHEN J. C. Squire reviewed Logan Pearsall Smith's Treasury of English Prose, he was inspired to announce that when English prose arises to distinction in imagery and rhythm it inevitably falls into the manner of the Authorized version of the Bible. This fallacy carried so fine an air of plausibility that it was widely quoted as a newly discovered truism. It was conceived naturally enough in the fact that Mr. Smith had selected for his thesaurus only that prose which bears a similarity to the Levantine sonorities of the Old Testament. What results, of course, is a rather monotonous book of subliminal dignity which is, more properly speaking, a book of poetic rather than of prose forms and concepts. It is the prose, indeed, of the long face, the knitted brow, and the patriarchal gesture. It is the language of the monody, the orison, and the fraternal order initiation. Its portentous intonation and its basso profundo euphony hint of the sarcophagus and suggest something sinister in its veiled implications.

It takes no special talent for irreverence to observe that the so-called Biblical style, nine times in ten, propounds the dubious, the false, the untrue, the bombastic, or the commonplace. Too frequently it has the specious solemnity of the C Sharp Minor Prelude, the puerile pensiveness, or the maudlin bathos of The Face on the Barroom Floor. It soothes the fatuous ear, but it speaks little to the mind. It is an opiate, an anodyne. It brings the comfort of tears; it rests and tranquilizes; it achieves the inestimable duplicity of making the reader think he is thinking.

To be able by the mere arrangement of words to anaesthetize a victim and make him believe his febrile mental wandering is cerebration is, true enough, a triumph. It is the business of the politician and the quack, and, on a higher plane, it is the aim and purpose often of poets and musicians. But I suspect that it is not invariably the métier of the prose writer. Prose is quite as often the medium of logic, reasoned argument, orderly presentation, irony, satire, humor, fantasy, exact or suggestive description, criticism and analysis.

That is why Mr. Smith's collection is woefully lop-sided and his appreciation of distinctive prose (if we are to judge from his selections) limited and uncritical. With all the wealth of brilliant invective and piquant satire in Swift, from A Modest Proposal to Gulliver's Travels, Mr. Smith turns to lift two unctuous homilies from A Tale of a Tub.

That he would include Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was foreordained, but this very inevitability of its inclusion puts (for me) a curious emphasis upon the haunting sentence, "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." Mr. Smith helps us long to remember what was *said* there; but I think there are few of us who can remember precisely what they *did* there. Among his selections also is President Wilson's "We shall fight . . . for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations, and make the world itself at last free." The turn of events has been such that to direct analysis to this declaration suggests a malice I do not intend.

This convention of the grandeur of the Old Testament style is, I think, a pernicious and stultifying one. "Read the Bible" is become as staple an admonition to the literary aspirant as "Don't watch the clock" is to the ambitious under-clerk. The grandeur of the Old Testament itself is unassailable truly, but it is a venerable grandeur arising from the needs and aspirations of a people. When it is imitated (and it is easily imitated) it is, more often than not, the tool of charlatans or of deluded persons who think in mumbles because the mumbles come. To the sensitive, it is not always satisfying, even aesthetically, because too frequently it shrouds the debatable in oracular cerements. It reminds them not a little of the profundity of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, Deep, Deep."

The real reason for the exaggerated esteem in

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which the Biblical style is held is readily to be found in the simple experiments in the physiology of sensations. An effect of solemnity is obtained in writing no less than in music by the simple device of retarding the tempo of the expression. An allegro passage in music or a succession of anapests carrying the thought of a sentence to a swift conclusion is, as we know, described as "light" and "airy" or "vigorous" and "joyous." A largo passage in music, or a sequence of stressed accents in a sentence, particularly when inversion is resorted to to check the impetus of the idea, is described as "dignified," "solemn," "profound," or whatnot in the vocabulary of poise and ease. We speak accurately of a writer's *restraint,* but we usually mean by this to commend his thought, whereas the restraint really lies in the sentence structure. It is not, inevitably, related to high quality and distinction of thought.

The reason for this misapprehension lies at hand, though it is seldom suspected. It lies in our association of wisdom with age and heedlessness with youth. It might be said to derive from the ancient admonition to the young that they bear deference and respect to graying temples and added years. And, though this courtesy is not without a certain pretty charm which is enriched and hallowed by long social experience, it is an arbitrary one with no definite support in a world where all is relative. There is no more valid reason for saying out of hand that a "dignified" style is "better" than a pungent, piquant or even an "undignified" one than there is for saying that old age is "better" than youth. Existence, says Thomas Hardy, is

> A senseless school, where we must give
> Our lives that we may learn to live!
> A dolt is he who memorizes
> Lessons that leave no time for prizes.

Style, Remy de Gourmont pointed out, is largely governed by respiration and by the circulation of the blood. The enjoyment of a prose style, no less than the style itself depends upon physiological factors. Thoughts recorded on a brisk walk have invariably about them a certain violence and emphasis of expression. Nietzsche's contempt for what he called "sedentary" philosophers was, in reality, only a contempt for the calmer and more leisured statement of ideas that sedentary writing induces. He himself has told us that practically everything he ever wrote was jotted down as he strode vigorously along lonely pathways. This accounts for the exultation and the element of violence in most of his writing; it accounts, too, for the fact that the major portion of his work is in the form of aphorisms, sketches, short notes and that even in his longer essays there is an abruptness and patchiness suggesting an artificial cohesion. His thought, stimulated by exercise and mountain air, was simply governed in its expression by the rapid circulation of his blood, the swift rhythm of respiration. He was antipathetic to the calm and deliberate elaboration of an idea, an elaboration possible only to a sedentary writer. Reasoned utterance, from the very fact that it is set down, as it is evolved, slowly and carefully and between breaths, falls naturally into a leisured tempo. It is never breathless or excited, for the reason that it is never spontaneous, coming with the rapidity of a single exhalation. It would be absurd to maintain that the sentences I have just written, for having been composed unhastily and with precision, are for that reason more valid as relative truth than a sudden intuition or perception recorded by Nietzsche as it came to him with an impact or in a flash.

It is unreasonable, moreover, to assert that the leisured style is better than the aphoristic. To state your preference in styles is only to betray the state of your psychophysical organization. For one's response to style, unless governed by will, is dependent as much as is the style, upon physiological factors. The preference of youth is invariably for the spontaneous, the staccato, the vibrant, the "joyous." When youth does not reveal this preference it is due either to a weakened constitution, fatigue, phlegm, or to precocious maturity, in other words to a condition which is not, properly speaking, young. The preference of age is for unemphatic orotundity, for the reason that such expression, being uttered in a state corresponding to the state in which it is received, is grasped and assimilated with the least exertion. We know that most men "discover" the Bible after they have reached thirty-five. They are, for the most part, men who have in their youth been "brought up" on the Bible, and who have been thrown frequently into contact with its utterances, but have actually made many unsuccessful attempts to read it. The reason is that in their youth they are, not mentally but physiologically, incapable of responding to its patriarchal sonorities. It says nothing to them, not because the context is incomprehensible (for in the Old Testament at least the context is usually simple and explicit) but simply because the style or rhythmical coordination is not attuned to the pulsating physiological rhythm of youth. It is in the interest of critical common sense that we entertain more valid notions about the agreement of manner and context. It is high time to dissociate the idea of iambics from the idea of the Infinite.

BURTON RASCOE.

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Self-Determining New York

THERE are fifty-nine social agencies at work in one block in New York City. There are forty-one houses in that block, and less than five hundred families. By statistical dead reckoning the block ought to be a section of Utopia. In fact it is one of the debased areas of the city, the more discouraging because it is almost typical of perhaps half of New York. This is an abridged chronicle of a study of that problem, made by a public health nurse and a social worker, with some expert advisers. The conditions challenged attention not because they are new but because they are old; not because they have never been faced, but because many attempts have met with apparent unsuccess. Instead of looking primarily for "cases" to help, the nurse and the worker stopped to ask what was wrong with the block, and then, what was wrong with the rest of us as represented, roughly, by the Fifty-Nine social agencies.

There is a certain dramatic quality about the block itself, however buried under statistics. There are eighteen hundred people living in the forty-one houses; nearly eight hundred are children under sixteen. Twenty odd races are represented, the Irish having a majority with Italians coming second. All the houses are at least fifty years old; they are concededly below the standard of the tenement house laws which apply to buildings constructed today. They have running water which theoretically appears somewhere on each of their five stories, but which in half the houses does not come above the second story, and the sanitary arrangements are in proportion. There is not a bathtub in the block. The two flats on each floor have four or five rooms, of which only two, the front and the back, reach the outside air. An average rent of seventeen to twenty dollars per month is charged—an increase of two hundred percent over pre-war rates. It is no accident that the word "home" is never used in that block except to describe a charitable institution; the dwellings are always called "rooms." The kitchen and living-room of the day becomes bedroom and nursery at night, and personal cleanliness is almost beyond possibility. The strange thing is that human life nevertheless develops both grace and sweetness to some degree; but to paraphrase Mr. Lloyd George's famous dictum, you cannot make a class I life out of class three-C conditions.

And what happens to the people themselves? Any family head will tell you that he was a good son to his parents and consequently left school to take a job when he was twelve or thirteen. Today he is a truck-driver, butcher, or engaged in some form of unskilled labor. His wife has a job too as an office cleaner or perhaps cook; or if she is clever, she may take in work finishing men's clothes or making novelties. With one of the children working and contributing, the family income may run from thirty dollars to forty-five dollars a week when everything is sailing in sunny weather; but a period of unemployment for some or all of the contributing members occurs all too frequently. The fixed charges, $5.50 for rent, $3.90 for fuel, $1.75 for gas and $11 to $12 a week for food in an average family of five cannot be lowered. The rest goes for clothes, burial insurance, and the little aesthetic luxuries which we buy with our spending money. There is no reserve for emergency and bad times; in the nature of things there can be none.

Physical wreckage results inevitably from that kind of life. Incomplete as statistical work in such matters must necessarily be, the nurse's records gave a very fair index. They seemed to show that acute illness was rare but that minor diseases—skin affections and the like—were almost continuous. The children did not fare badly; but from sixteen on the cumulative effect of persistent bad conditions showed itself in many forms of disease. In many cases the cleanliness without which treatment is worthless could not be had.

So far, of course, there is nothing new to people familiar with social work of any sort. The novel element is the intervention of the Fifty-Nine social agencies. Logically these social agencies should be eliminating themselves. But they come at it from a purely individualist angle. Their files are replete with "case histories," which tell who the applicant for aid is, what he has earned, when he was helped or subsidized or refused aid before, without taking any great interest in the kind of condition out of which his particular hard-luck story grew. Though the Fifty-Nine are specialized to some extent, the common factor is that the particular subject is invariably treated as an individual apart from his neighborhood and setting rather than as a member of a group into which he was born and in which he must live. Singlehanded he cannot, of course, cope with the combined forces of the particular charity with which he happens to be in contact. He is a pauper before he begins—because he is a delinquent individual asking for aid.

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Unless he is that, he never falls within the sphere of the Fifty-Nine.

Nor is it their fault. Social agencies have various functions. They must salvage human wreckage in emergencies; that was the "charity" of the old day, which brought the Fifty-Nine into existence, in which the well-to-do of New York have been firmly intrenched for years. A starving family must be fed; a sick child must be cared for; the destitute must be housed; and it must be done at once without particular regard for the feelings of the individuals at the time; but the bigger question lies farther back. The emergency or the criminal condition (except of course in the rare instance of natural catastrophe) came from something and was caused by something. Examine the record, and it is usually traceable to the kind of life from which the patient or the pauper or the delinquent must derive his standards of action. There is not much use telling an impetigo patient that skin diseases come from dirt and can be remedied by frequent baths if there are two water-faucets to fifty people. The most meticulous suburbanite would be dirty under those conditions. And yet we tackle the patient produced by those conditions after we find him out—and then try to educate him to soap and water.

The attempt to carry education in standards into the house from which the "cases" come is not much more successful. You cannot give away ideas any more than you can give away money, without running a fair chance of pauperizing the recipient. A man can get ideas by going to school to learn—it is creditable to learn—or by going to a doctor for expert advice, or by watching his neighbor and following his lead. But having someone come around to tell him to learn, or having a social worker enter his home unasked to prescribe hygienic standards puts him in the position of a delinquent who must be watched, and involves all kinds of degrading connotations. Nevertheless transmission of ideas alone can solve the situation; and to that problem the investigators directed their attention.

Cooperatively, a community or a group distributes ideas, creates standards, educates its people to them, and at length enforces them through a very solid pressure of unified thought. In the block in question that process goes on, as it does everywhere, in limited degree. Some of the Irish cliques, for example, will insist that shiftless housewives clean their dwellings from time to time, which merely means that as a group they have a standard below which the members must not fall. Their own people accept this sort of thing from their peers when they would rebel at a social agent's interference. There are clubs of young men whose activities range from mere loafing to semi-criminal recreations; giving a "racket," breaking up some other bunch's "racket," and miscellaneous rowdyism generally, but which maintain strict internal discipline and whose members have been trained to a high degree of loyalty. There is a definite social group of married women who have fixed ideas about the duties of wives and mothers and the proper manners which young girls should display at home and on the street. There are units there, which as foundations for cooperative entities, might become exceedingly useful.

With that in mind, the nurse and the social worker considered what to do about it, and came to the conclusion that nothing could be done about it unless the groups did it themselves. If a million dollars were to be spent in that one area it would be difficult to say what could be done with it. But it is not difficult to work a little with the already existing cliques—beginning anywhere, with the social group of married women, or the men's club of shady reputation, or the Irish tenement dwellers of Number Sixteen. The only question was one of decent and honorable contact, and that they were at length able to solve through the strictly professional activities of the nurse and certain tactful approaches by the social worker. There is, for example, a state bureau under the Department of Farms and Markets whose business is to encourage cooperative societies; it was induced to take the wreck of a "fake" cooperative society got together by a swindler and make it over into a real one. The same women who were interested in the cooperative were interested in children, and called in the nurse. Still later, the men's club took a hand, partly because their wives and children were now affected and partly because they were interested to see how the arrangement would work out. The time came when they needed a plant of some sort (there had been pretty heavy demands on the nursing office as a place to meet) and at last accounts they were negotiating for a basement floor evacuated by a Jewish dealer in second-hand furniture. They had found out they could do it, and were glad to go on.

Meanwhile there came the strike of the meat-packers which interested the block because a good many packers and butchers lived there. The union was asking for help, and the union members' wives under the lead of the cooperative society held a mass-meeting in favor of the strikers. The line they took had perhaps little to do with the merits of the strike, but shows a good deal of native ability. They said that the strike-breakers were being admitted to the packing plants without the

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proper physical and medical examinations, and that this sort of thing endangered the cleanliness of the city meat supply—which, if true, is unanswerable. They have established recreation periods for the children in the vicinity which they operate themselves. The recreation is crude enough, but finding out that there were experts in that sort of work they sent to get one. The nurse and the worker must of course continually keep the contacts with ideas—with the outside world, in fact, for nothing is so isolated as a lower-grade New York block—open and working. That is all they must do; all they can do.

We were speaking of salvage work as a legitimate function of the Fifty-Nine, and so it is. But to a surprising degree the cooperative entity—there is no particular group, because it grows like a cactus, one activity springing from another—goes into this salvage work on its own rough and ready but generally sound basis. The swift and spontaneous sympathy of neighbor for neighbor, which is all in all perhaps the most inspiring thing about humanity, can always be relied on to relieve pressing distress.

We spend a deal of time talking about self-determination of subject peoples, and about helping them to help themselves, and so forth. Insofar as that talk means anything, it means teaching such peoples to liberate themselves from their own conditions. That is what we must some time begin doing at home. The familiar story of the Rochdale weavers, or the economic epic of the Russian cooperatives shows that the thing can be done. The Fifty-Nine and the rest of us may perhaps find material for thought in this little experiment.

A. A. Berle, Jr.

Schools of Self-Expression

THE lady next door was getting fat. Her doctor told her that her thyroid drive was balked or something like that. He said she needed self-expression, and since he, in his earnest middle-age, was seriously taking up dancing, he advised her that there was nothing like it for restoring youth, vigor, and enthusiasm. So she decided to take up dancing, not ball-room dancing of course, but something freer and more individualistic. A good strong dose of self-expression to absorb her thyroid drive. That was the thing.

Now the lady next door was very easily influenced; that is, she was quick to see the validity of the doctor's advice. Nevertheless she was full of violent prejudices which made it difficult to find immediately the thing she sought.

However she began. She visited first the studio of the pure self-expressionistic school. Black velvet curtain, velvet carpet, bare feet, and draped bits of chiffon, piano music—the simplest possible regalia. Non-essentials scraped down to the human soul. The rhythm of arms and legs were to express the human soul,—a lofty ideal. But as the lady next door watched the human souls, aged from five to fifty, cavort with abandon in their pink gauze, she suffered a little nausea. Somehow, the rapt sublimity of their expression only emphasized the fatness of a leg or the consumptive chest. No, she would live her entire life without adequate attention to her thyroid drive, if this was what it craved. One might do this kind of thing in the dark, but never in the light of day. She supposed Isadora Duncan was the father of this school,—but this was license, not liberty.

Next she attended the representative school of dancing. Imitate the grace of nature! Be a swaying tree or a shooting star. Dance in the moonlight by the lake. "Now, girls, we are sitting on a bubble. E-ever so lightly on a bubble. Take care the bubble doesn't burst! Now we are on the top of the world—on top of the world. We are floating through clouds, floating—floating. Float with me on the infinite."

"Guff," breathed the lady next door (in the presence of refinement she was always inclined to vulgarity), "I can sit on a bubble at home." And she passed up she said, the chance of salvation from this quarter.

But the last time I saw her she was looking thinner, more beautiful, and very excited and energetic. She had found the self-expression she sought. She was studying Russian ballet. She explained to me that I mustn't think she had reverted altogether to eighteenth century formalism. No, if she'd done that, she would be studying Italian ballet. There was rigidity and tradition for you. But in the Russian ballet she not only worked like a slave at the bar—worked at the traditional necessities of form—until she was sore and lame, but she learned also figures and patterns not on the toes (but nevertheless of a correctness!), which the Russian peasants had practiced for ages. She was not a Russian, it was true, so she knew she didn't altogether belong. But this dancing of simple and organized pantomime which a people had built up, gave her a friendly communal feeling in her lonely search for individual expression. These dances had an identity outside herself—they were more companionable.

"And the work at the bar is the most thrilling grind," she passionately told me. "The master takes a cane and twists one knee from the other

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with a painful wrench, that seems far nearer self-expression than floating on the infinite. And how he browbeats us. I understand better now one of the causes of the Russian Revolution." She told me with what delight she heard her master apologize, actually apologize, for using the word "spirit." "This," he had said, "if anything," taking a painful outstretched posture on the toes, "represents the spirit of the dance. Now, I don't like the word 'spirit' and I shall never use it again. Rather let us say this position is the basic position of the ballet, and always has been for centuries past in all countries." I could see that this connection with the past buoyed her up tremendously.

But the lady next door didn't sail through this new dancing diversion without a serious fright. It seems she inadvertently met her first teacher and was asked, "Are you dancing this winter?" "Yes," she answered bravely, "Russian ballet." "Well, if you like it," the self-expressionist had responded. "But I have a woman dancing with me now who had previously taken ballet for years. I'm very much afraid it's too late for me to do anything for her. The strangest dilemma has befallen one hip. Her knees seem to face in opposite directions rather than to the front. And her ankles are queer bumps. As for her spine, it's as crooked as a pump-handle. And her ribs! Well, her intercostal arch has snapped shut! Something has gone wrong with her neck. Nature has been violated at every turn."

The lady from next door listened with widening eyes of horror. She escaped, however, before her faith in ballet should be destroyed. "Well," she concluded, "I may be paying dearly for my self-expression, but I've unblocked my thyroid drive, and I'll pay." RUTH PICKERING.

The Prompt-Book

OBVIOUS AND INEVITABLE

NOT long ago, without meaning to in the least, I startled a company of art-lovers by saying that a certain actress-singer was nearly always obvious. She had few tricks, I said, that would not be obvious to the merest nursery maid in the gallery and would not be expected and exploited by this maid.

To this the host replied that these things were obvious, yes, but all great art was obvious. Obvious and simple, he said.

And just there begins one of the main points in the art of the theatre. A great moment in this art is not obvious. In the end it may be so, after the moment is accomplished, but not till then. What such a moment is is not obvious, it is inevitable.

Obvious means that the thing stands out as what we expected, as what would more or less naturally ensue. In this obviousness there is a sense of completeness not because the moment and its implications are exhausted but because it seems wound up, finished up, or amazingly exploded, it seems to say to us, There You Have It. Nazimova in one of her pieces of business in Hedda Gabler is obvious. It is when Hedda is left alone there in the room while the men go out to seek for Eilert. Nazimova in this scene wears a black gown, an enveloping sort of robe it is. She goes over to the door, closed against her exit and leading to the world outside, and beats her hands desperately against it. Then she turns and falls back against the door, her arms extended in a cross, and at this point a great splash of crimson flames out where her robe falls open and shows its lining. You wince at the obviousness of it. Mary Garden has fine moments and some fine devices, but much of her business sticks out as mere business, focussed and held by her personal magnetism, and the sense of inventiveness protrudes rather shamelessly. The dullest person in the house can see that it must be effective. And the common stage, of course, abounds and unfailingly with a less inventive form of the obvious, things done that we all entirely expect, that we were born into, that are imitated or plagiarized or traditional.

Inevitable means quite another thing, something that may proceed from the same source as these more obvious devices but exceeds them. Inevitable means that it has something to it that we expected and yet did not expect. It means something that seems unescapable after it is done; and it bears so on the point to be revealed in the moment that only expert eyes can see it as business, the rest of the audience takes it as something necessarily there, which is exactly what they should do. When the inevitable is achieved, the moment and its implications are not exhausted at all. And they seem complete not only because they appear to belong absolutely to the moment but also because they allow for infinite radiation, for infinite possibilities of truth and revelation. A thing in acting seems inevitable because it surprises and satisfies us at once; and because it creates a something there which was not there before. The obvious is like the writing in a copybook or like an adding-machine: it is all there, or it may startle and delight with its striking inventiveness, but so it ends. The inevitable is like the sun on the wall; it is simple, complete too, but infinitely subtle, full of nuance, inexhaustible. Sarah Bernhardt, if anyone ever was, was often obvious; but very often the obvious with her was lifted out of that plane by style, great recreative style; and real style, involving as it does the mystery of personality, can never be obvious. I remember once seeing Grasso in Mala Gloria in a Palermo theatre do a consummate piece of business. He had come back from outlawry to find his wife faithless to him with the young son of the house where she was serving as chambermaid. He was to shoot the wife in the last act. And when he had done that, Grasso turned and looked at the boy, then caught him suddenly over the head with his hand, snatched him to him and kissed him on the brow, and then sent him spinning away. There was something there that caught up the pulse in you; that revealed suddenly what the boy was in relation to the trouble he had helped bring about, like a child who half knowingly had brought on some terrible disaster; that revealed the boy's place in the woman's affections which meant so much more to the other man, and the despair and helplessness of it all. That action of Grasso's seemed inevitable, searching, unpredictable, necessary, inspired; but it was not obvious.

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And great art is simple only through the fact that it discovers the inevitable something that will give it unity.

Speed

No end of the difficulties in the New York serious theatre would be avoided or halved at least if the producers insisted more on speed in speaking and the actors trained for it. Speed in enunciation and delivery of lines. In such a play as Regnard's Le Légataire Universel at the Comédie Française, or Le Cid or a modern piece like Les Marionettes, the actors take speeches in something like a third of the time that a speech of the same length would require on our stage. This of course is due in part to the language, since the lack of a strong tonic accent in French and the frequent liaison permit a much greater rapidity of utterance. But it comes partly also from the training and care that these French actors exercise to acquire mere speed. The tirade, then, for the French, those long discourses so much objected to by their English critics, becomes another thing and says more and takes no longer than many of the speeches in our theatre.

Of all this Back to Methuselah was a good instance. In those scenes—to take a less tiresome example of Shaw's garrulity in this play—where the Brothers Barnabas explain their doctrine, much would be gained if the actors sat still, took each other's speeches up immediately and with distinct and precise enunciation, and heightened the speed at which the lines are given. This would be artificial, yes, but that has no point, for the scenes in themselves are patently dialogue statements of ideas; pottering about, changing positions, climbing on furniture, looking out of windows and the like, in an effort to make them seem real, are only a childish rubbish of illusion; these scenes are a dramatist's convention from the start, and to admit them frankly as such only keeps the art of them intact. For this speed, of course, there would have to be concentration on the precise accent of word and on the sense accent; and there would have to be trained lips, tongue and breathing. There would have to be vivacity of tone, concentration on the values of emphasis and idea, and smart accuracy of phrase. But what else is an artist on the stage for?

Top-of-the-Stairness

The number of people who speak of Mr. Frank Reicher's performance in He Who Gets Slapped as good acting seems to me to bring up one of the sharpest queries about acting in general. To my notion Mr. Reicher in the part of this Italian count of Andreyev's seems possessed with a frenzy for disjoining every scene that he enters. He cannot appear at the top of the stair without his trowel of stage effect, without covering himself with top-of-the-stairness, and then with descendingness, and then, once down, with across-the-stageness. Everything that he does is underscored and underlined; he blurs a grave and sombre and fantastic and chaotic part by mincing it and by a perpetual registering of every little point that he wishes to make. He continually forces.

The reason for people's liking that is partly because such acting takes its time and is at home on the stage, which is something they delight in; but they like it also because they can see that it is acting. And in that they show the right direction. Acting should be acting first of all, an art that renders in its own terms something it takes from life. But it is the obviousness and the piling on of it that makes them see this forced acting so readily and rejoice in it as acting. Such art more than meets the spectator half way; it constantly reminds him of its intentions toward being art. But it is without taste, and most of all without any fluidity. It is mere exaggeration, supported in Mr. Reicher's case, of course, by a great deal of technical facility.

What such admirers of this sort of acting need to ponder is the difference between exaggeration and heightening. To heighten in acting, as in any other art, is to discover the qualities in the subject-matter that seem significant, and then to push the expression of them till their very quintessence is achieved, till the soul of them is manifest. Heightening, then, is a kind of super and illuminating truth. It secures an individual integrity in a thing; and it produces a subtle and ineffable participation between what is heightened and what touches or envelops it. Exaggeration is merely to distort. It falsifies both the nature of the thing itself and its relationship to whatever is true around it.

Stark Young.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Miners Are Starving

SIR: Since Christmas time a small group in Baltimore have been working heart and soul for the miners and their families, who are on the very ragged edge of starvation. Their sufferings have become of personal, vital concern to us, but it began very quietly and in a rather unusual way. A trustworthy reporter was sent by the Baltimore Sun to report on the conditions in the New River Fields, a soft coal region in Fayette and Raleigh counties, West Virginia, where the men had been out of work for most of 1921. The accounts he brought back were appalling,—we then asked two members of the miners' organization to speak at an informal meeting and the stories we heard were terrible, the suffering of the men, women and children was beyond belief.

A committee was formed in Baltimore and nearly $6,000 has been given by all sorts and conditions of people, among them were bishops, men and women of the "privileged class," members of organized labor and women in the country, who have hardly enough money for the support of their own households. These contributors had one thing in common, sympathy for their American neighbors. They heard of the man who was obliged to bring a piece of furniture to a store as security in order to obtain credit for a little food for his family, of the mothers trying to nurse their babies though they had been without food themselves for two or three days, and other heart-rending stories. These warm hearted people heard and gave generously, so that we have been able to send six car-loads of food and many smaller shipments of clothes, medicines and food.

Since April 1st, as we all know, the strike has been on and the suffering has greatly increased. The people have been evicted from their homes, their little savings are exhausted and now 80,000 people are looking to our committee to keep them from starvation. The committee in Baltimore is still on the job, but they must enlist more helpers. In New York City on the 14th, 15th and 16th of May there will be meetings to make widely known the need.

Fair play demands that people who for years have been digging coal for us should be fed, no matter whether we approve or disapprove of strikes in general or of this strike in particular.

We greatly hope that the readers of the New Republic will send contributions to the West Virginia Miners' Relief Committee, 513 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, or to the office of the New Republic. Seven dollars provides a barrel of flour, eleven dollars a hundred pounds of salt meat, or in terms of saving lives, twenty-five dollars gives a man, his wife and five children food for a month. How many families will the readers of the New Republic feed during the month of May? For the sake of humanity let us give generously.

Elizabeth Gilman, Treasurer,
West Virginia Miners' Relief Committee.

Baltimore.

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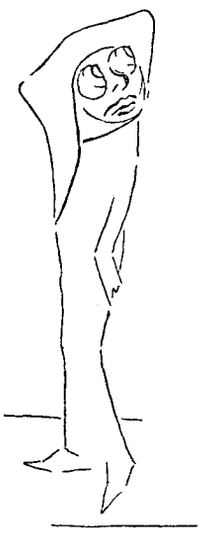
The Crow's Nest

A DEPARTMENT of Art has long been one of the plans of this paper. It is opened herewith.

Modern Art at its best is a product of the so-called subconsciousness. It springs from the depths of the artist, practically without interference. Consequently, it is only in our own depths that we can enjoy it—in that part of ourselves where our primitive perceptions lie sleeping. All attempts of the conscious self to enjoy it are unnatural and lame—it disturbs that self even to try it. What else could we expect? Oh, those long stupid criticisms of modern art! It's always a conscious self writes them—a puzzled brain complaining of things it had no business to view.

A spectator with any understanding, when he looks at these pictures, will put his usual self and its prejudices completely to sleep. He will get a little dreamy—kind of swoon a bit—and then see how he likes them. If he doesn't succeed at first, he will patiently swoon a bit more.

. . .



Guilt

Plate I. Guilt. Not the conventionally melodramatic conception of guilt, but a more realistic one. This person has not done anything that she herself thinks very wicked. But it was something that God or her friends would disapprove of. That is what weighs her down. She does not feel repentant yet, but she is uncomfortable in her mind; she's depressed. Her body's all slumpy; her spring has gone; her thoughts are stupid and thickish.

Plate II. Scrutiny: or *Les Yeux dans les Yeux.* This scene is pathetic. The woman, stolid and cold and disgusted; the man, weak and shaking. A miserable moment for both of them. Very familiar of course.

It is a curious drawing. Neither of these persons has much penetration, much understanding of others; in fact, they seem quite stupid in this respect. Yet they see through each other.

It is love that brings understanding, they say, but there seems no love here. How is it then that their understanding is so thorough and searching? These two stupid ones know more about each other than the ablest observer could tell them.

The answer is they are married. This is merely one of the many remarkable powers that matrimony can teach, even to the most ordinary persons. It can educate anyone. This artist may have no liking for marriage, but he knows and respects it.

Plate III. Holiness and Wit. If this drawing has any weak spot it is in its idealism. Critics have said that the figure of Holiness was too amiable, without spiritual vigor.

But this is a Puritan criticism. Must Holiness be always ascetic? It at least shows an artist feels at home with her when he paints her like this. It would be a good thing if there were more holiness of this comfortable kind in the world—the kind that carries a sword is all right, but is no other permissible?

Of course a mordant artist would have shown Holiness and Wit in a battle, and a bitter and irreconcilable battle at that. But though this drawing depicts a happy ending,

Holiness and Wit

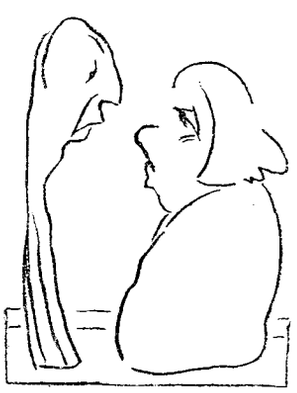
it makes it seem true. Wit is absolutely unawed, as independent as ever; and Holiness is as untouched as ever by one ray of wit. Yet even so, and without any compromise, they have learned to be friends.

As to the lastingness of the friendship, there obviously may be some doubt. Wit is sharp; Holiness is soft, intellectually. Action will be their test. The first adventure these travelers fall into will strain their relation.

Still, that is true of any relation, and of all fellow-travelers.

Plate IV. The Civilized Beast. The idea of this drawing is that some thousands of years in the future, when men have trimmed all the bushes and trees that are left in the world, and have terraced or flattened all the mountains, and tidied the deserts, they will then turn their attention to such wild animals as still may survive, and put them too through a course of civilization, so as to abolish all wildness.

God help the poor animals of the future—tigers learning to spell, the hippopotamus spending two hours a day on geology. The unfortunate beast in the picture appears to have worried his way through the calculus.



Scrutiny

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This is not a merely fanciful conception. There are definite signs this is coming. We are already making experiments on pigs, horses, parrots. We begin to object to illiteracy, even in animals.

The Civilized Beast

Plate V. Love and Exasperation. In this design, Exasperation, a man, is portrayed in his shirt, and it seems at first sight as though Love were about to remove it. This would account for her patient forbearance, and for the man's broken temper. It is an indoor scene, a moment of matrimony, like Les Yeux dans les Yeux.

But the spectator is urged to go deeper than its literal aspects. This is not a painting of a wife pulling off shirts. Not at all. The two figures are symbolical—Love is clinging to the man, as Love does—blindly, calmly, possessively, everlastingly; and it has made the man desperate. In short, it is two familiar moods that are here juxtaposed; and the artist's one object has been to reveal their effect on each other.

Is it an autobiographical drawing, the spectator may ask. Well, the world should of course never pry into the past of an artist, nor attempt to dig up the tragedy—tragedies perhaps—of his love-life. But a great soul rises above small concealments and reveals these himself. One look at the woman is enough—this is a cry from the heart. When this artist thinks of Love, it is frankly her hooks he remembers. There is no need for him to say more, to tell us what he has suffered.

The atmosphere of this sketch is not wholly baleful, however. The figure of Exasperation at least shows no suggestion of flight. This man is not enjoying his home, but he doesn't dream of escaping. Note his legs—he's as rooted as an anti-divorce bishop could wish.

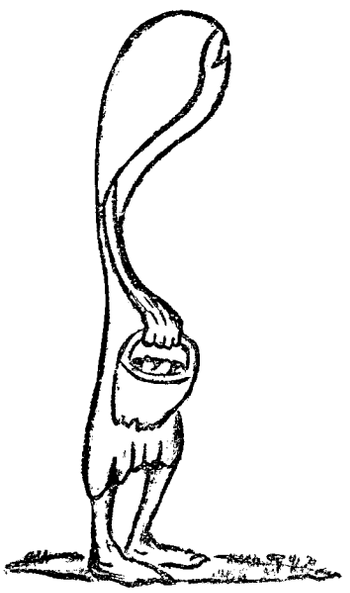
This will make the situation look all the darker to young folk perhaps; but if as requested above they will continually try to look deeper, they will see that one of the mysteries of union is portrayed in this scene. The fact is, this is really a powerful picture of marriage. It shows the strange strength of the tie that unites Man and Woman. Their antagonisms may seem huge and horrible, but marriage is huger.

Love and Exasperation

Plate VI. Evening Visions. Why is it that so many famous artists paint pictures of peasants? Instead of portraying their subtle and intellectual friends, they spend their great powers in depicting the clumsiest types of humanity.

The Australian artist, Dyson, once put the answer succinctly. He said they looked beyond the vast cultures and civilizations of man, which are not mysterious, to man himself, who is.

That is the secret of the magic that Millet showed when he painted The Angelus. That is also the secret of this haunting scene, Evening Visions.



Evening Visions

In Millet the eye is distracted by the landscape, but not so in this. Few of us realize how terribly overdone our attention to landscape has grown. It is largely a modern vice; it infects conservatives and radicals, both.

But this artist concentrates on the figure; he has made the fields rudimentary. They are suggested: it is enough. Our attention is focussed on the young girl.

She is lifting her eye, pure and simple, to the heavens. She is thinking of — what? Well, it is not certain perhaps that she is thinking of all: the shape of her head is not entirely that of a thinker. But in any case, at such a moment as this the thoughts of a young girl are sacred.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

Of Course They *Had* to Visit the Invalides

Of course they *had* to visit the Invalides!
That was *expected* of them! Well, they went;
Exclaimed at the "stupendous" monument
In all the approved terms of the tourist creed:
They were the ordinary tourist breed
And couldn't help it. That is why they spent
Their best superlatives on the tomb and sent
Cards home. (Lucky Napoleon indeed!)

And after they had seen the ribbons, flags,
Hilts that the hand of destiny had grasped,
They saw a giant Gotha, shot to rags,
On exhibition in the court—and gasped. . . .
They did not see the final stealthy rider
Seated there—the inevitable Spider!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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Books and Things

ONE of the more futile processes that literary criticism sometimes goes in for consists in treating your subject as if he were your opponent in a game. Move by move you try to crowd him into a corner of that board which is, if you are duly ambitious, no narrower than the whole of representable life. Your hope seems to be that once you have pent him in he will be kind enough to stand and deliver his secret. Without obligation on your part.

You take, say, Mr. Max Beerbohm for your subject. Or Mr. Beerbohm as essayist. The rules of the game compel you to start as far as possible from the point you expect to bring up at. You begin by quoting William Blake: "Excess is the essential vivifying spirit, vital spark, embalming spice of the finest art." And then, since Blake is alien even now to men of the world, and since you intend your audience to be large, you get a man of the world to say the same thing for you in his own way; you quote Halifax: "Just enough of a good thing is always too little."

Why go on? The futility of the process is already clear, after no more than two quotations. And, if it is by quotation that you still insist on proceeding, has any one else described as well as Mr. Max Beerbohm has described the kind of writer that he is not? From the essay on Ouida, in More: "Art, in a writer, is not everything. Indeed, it implies a certain limitation. If a list of consciously artistic writers were drawn up, one would find that most of them were lacking in great force of intellect or of emotion; that their intellects were restricted, their emotions not very strong. Writers of enormous vitality never are artistic: they cannot pause, they must always be moving swiftly forward."

That Mr. Beerbohm thinks his vitality anything but enormous, that he denies to himself great force of emotion, that he is a consciously artistic writer—I speak advisedly in calling these deductions facile. But to speak advisedly need not be, and customarily is not, to talk sense. Are we much nearer to a likeness of Mr. Beerbohm when we have said that these things are true of him? We get nearer, a little nearer, when we've observed that he both knows these limitations for his and acts on the knowledge. In Ichabod (Yet Again) he invites us to share it: "Do not, reader, suspect that because I am choosing my words nicely, and playing with metaphor, and putting my commas in their proper places, my sorrow is not really and truly poignant. I write elaborately, for that is my habit, and habits are less easily broken than hearts." Readers who cannot accept this invitation had better let Mr. Beerbohm's essays alone. He uses in Ichabod, to express a sorrow he is playing with, the technique by which, elsewhere, he communicates a real emotion. He often, to transpose Archbishop Trench's words, supports a cause which he affects to betray.

That is one of the modes of irony; of irony, the only form of good breeding that makes other people uncomfortable; irony, which checks the milk of human kindness in its flow as a styptic checks the flow of blood; irony, to which Mr. Beerbohm himself has given its best nickname. In A Letter That Was Not Written (And Even Now) he describes his attempts to write an indignant protest to the Times. "Restraint was the prime effect to be aimed at." But the sentences would not come. At last he hit upon the right words to end with: "I sat down to a table and wrote out that conclusion, and then I worked backwards, keeping well in view the idea of 'restraint.' But that quality which is little sister to restraint, and is yet far more repulsive to the public mind than vehemence, emerged to misguide my pen. Irony, in fact, played the deuce." "Irony, little sister to restraint"! And confused, ever so obviously, in the public mind, with that other little sister, in Solomon's Song, who "hath no breasts." No milk, whether of human kindness or other, in irony.

But to resume the attempt which I seem to have drifted into making, to do Mr. Max Beerbohm in, as the haberdashers say, self-tones. Was he thinking of himself, I wonder, when he wrote, in Yet Again: "An exquisite talent like Whistler's, whether in painting or in writing, is always at its best on a small scale. On a large scale it strays and is distressed. Thus the Ten o'Clock, from which I took that passage about the evening mist and the riverside, does not leave me with a sense of artistic satisfaction. It lacks structure. It is not a roundly conceived whole: it is but a row of fragments." No, Mr. Beerbohm was not thinking of himself. He never, for all his self-knowledge, sees his talent as exquisite. How he does see it we may learn from the preface to Mr. Bohun Lynch's agreeable and unaffected book, Max Beerbohm in Perspective (New York: Knopf. $3.50). "My gifts are small," he says in his letter to Mr. Lynch. "I've used them very well and discreetly, never straining them; and the result is that I've made a charming little reputation. But that reputation is a frail plant."

Oh no, his reputation is not frail. It has been, until the last two years or so, a plant of slow growth, but almost as long ago as fifteen years it had begun to put forth bright shoots of everlastingness. We all know now that his essays will endure because, among other reasons, they have what he denied to Mr. Whistler's Ten o'Clock. Don't they combine, as no other essayist has combined, ever, exquisiteness of detail with strictness of design? Indeed, his "admirable sureness of detail," not exquisiteness merely but sureness, "means," as an anonymous writer in Mr. Rothenstein's Twenty-four Portraits has wisely said, "an underlying constructive power which, although Mr. Beerbohm uses it for delicate enough ends, is one of the major qualities of literary art." His caprices, his bits of nonsense, are all so many cobweb bridges that carry him where he wishes to go, exactly. "Myself a fidgety and uninspired person," so he calls himself in "Savonarola" Brown, "unable to begin a piece of writing before I know just how it shall end." One imagines that the exquisite detail of his essays comes easily to Mr. Beerbohm, and that their beautiful structure is the reward, the high pay, of taking thought. "No fine work," he says in Books Within Books (And Even Now), "can be done without concentration and self-sacrifice and toil and doubt."

None of these things I have quoted helps us to understand the recent growth, so sudden and so long overdue, of Mr. Beerbohm's fame. With all the reasons given for this growth his earliest discoverers are not, I suppose, ill pleased. Unless the presence, in And Even Now, of William and Mary be one of these reasons? I have heard an almost intelligent person declare that William and Mary convinced her that "Max Beerbohm's heart was in the right place." You know what she meant, poor woman. Even in the old days, the days of More, you could find by looking closely a sleeve or two on which he was wearing his heart. But in each of these sleeves Mr. Beerbohm is also laughing.

P. L.

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The Beautiful and Damned

The Beautiful and Damned, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

I have a suspicion—which I should hate to have to defend with concrete evidence—that a lot of people in the kindly but cool October of life are pointing to Mr. Scott Fitzgerald as the interpreter of the "younger generation," and are reading him as someone who understands what they do not quite understand nor altogether like, but which fascinates them as May will, I suppose, always fascinate October. They think of him, and at once their mouths are filled with such phrases as "these wild young people," "flappers," "petting parties," and their heads with vague images of human beings younger than themselves—and therefore, though they do not know it, already alien—who seem to be a different race by reason of a decided tendency to eat all of life as it is served to them and save nothing for the ice-chest of after-years. They view with alarm this youth whose slogan seems to them to be Freedom is a Bonfire, Come and Jump into it; they recall the crude cruel frankness of our twenties, the young drinking or dancing couples going through the motions of pleasure with faces passionately meaningless; they ruefully, perhaps enviously, accept what they take to be Fitzgerald's testimony and say to themselves, a little too self-consciously perhaps, Blessed be the ugly, for they shall not live on the seamy side of Paradise.

As a member of a generation which here chooses to remain nameless, I insist that Mr. Fitzgerald is not a witness, and not an interpreter. His novel may have a contemporary ring and contemporary furniture, but his story is an old one. So many people have read it—or are going to—that there is not much use in tracing its outline. It is the familiar one of character eroded by idleness, and love by time. Its two chief personages, Anthony and Gloria, have to start with the double gift, or curse, of beauty and money. These gifts, plus intelligence and an insatiable thirst for today, are their undoing. They lack that inward pressure, that mysterious binding stuff which makes the difference between sand and rock, and like sand they cling to nothing, but are forever shifting. Their motto is the poplar's, All winds bend me, and its prayer their only hope: May good winds blow. Spoiled children of fair weather, they call down foul weather upon themselves. They try to obey Nietzsche's injunction to live dangerously, but succeed only in living disastrously.

It is a novel not of disillusion but of decay. What happens to the kind of people that Anthony and Gloria are has happened to the same kind of people over and over again, and in a lesser degree to millions of more ordinary people, ever since man began to stand up on his hind legs. In our foolish optimism, our pride and certainty in progress, we like to forget that disintegration is a competing and often victorious force. And so, when we see signs of something uncommonly like it in the young generation, we think it has never happened before. What counts in the story of the Beautiful and Damned has happened before millions of times, and has been written about, too. The setting changes, of course, but since Mr. Fitzgerald has described our modern setting with its prohibition parties and promiscuous kissing in such generous detail, we are apt to think that, because the scenery is startling, the play is a new one.

Let's leave the scenery and look at the characters. Mr. Fitzgerald starts to build up Anthony Patch with pages which, while blazing with clever irony, do not give us a picture of him in three dimensions. Later we find him using that mixture of standing aside and telling us what he says and does and acting as his intimate psychological confidant, which often betrays the autobiographer. Within rather large limits Anthony is clear, but clear as a type rather than a person. The most telling accounts of him, while real, could also seem real of other persons quite different from him in other ways. Gloria, admirably sharp at first, deliquesces and loses her personality as Mr. Fitzgerald grows intimate with her, until toward the end we find her speaking very little like her earlier self, and far too much like him. She too, broadens into a person with too many characteristics which other characters could share with her and still be different. The treatment of the two of them leaves the curious impression that Mr. Fitzgerald was at first inside Anthony's soul and watched Gloria from without, and gradually exchanged these positions.

His treatment of the minor characters is much sharper and much more limited. They are made to live by their creator's uncanny talent for picking out their weak and foolish spot—but one spot only. They are pieces of cardboard, and on them is a bulls-eye which he never misses. To me they serve a highly useful purpose—they bring out perhaps the most important facet of Mr. Fitzgerald's mind. He hates to be bored; he loathes the obvious, the flat, the second-hand (the "immemorial" he calls it), and those who utter these things, beyond any thing in the world. And dull people who play constantly upon one dismal string of the ancient and obvious not only bore him, they rouse all the impatience in him to a high and eloquent pitch of irony.

This irony, this impatience, which is both robust and feverish, runs all through the book. It irrevocably tinges its sentiment, it is a sort of undertone or background. Mr. Fitzgerald has a very small allowance of tenderness, and even less of pity, but for every pint of them his mixture contains gallons of blistering hatred. He hates, to be sure, just the things that I do, but it is a perilous mood to maintain. Such a mood in him gives birth to innumerable asides, semi-epigrammatic descriptions of or slaps at the times we live in. Here is a brief sample:

> In April war was declared with Germany. Wilson and his cabinet—a cabinet that in its lack of distinction was strangely reminiscent of the twelve apostles—let loose the carefully starved dogs of war, and the press began to whoop hysterically against the sinister morals, sinister philosophy, and sinister music produced by the Teutonic temperament. . . .

The book is alive with epigrams, so many that one half suspects that their origin is less in a perpetually ironic state of mind than in a facility and joy in turning them out. It is a lively and amusing talent but, infecting as it does many of the characters, it tends to epigrammania.

In emphasizing this smartness it would not be fair to lose sight of Mr. Fitzgerald's cleverness, and of something far more than that, of a real sincerity and vigor of mind. The mind of one who reacts to life rather than explores it, who observes life by a sort of revulsion, a restless mind in which what you at first take to be poison turns out to be irritation and what you take to be madness, insomnia. A mind knowing both bitterness and triumph, and keenly enjoying both. Decidedly a mind with edge—perhaps the edge of a saw. A curious combination of energy and weariness, eagerness and cruelty, suggesting fire without warmth.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Ethnology by Ear

Why Europe Leaves Home, by Kenneth L. Roberts. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.00.

THE title of this book is contrived to hold together such centrifugal subject-matter as race theory and its bearing on American immigration; prohibition in Great Britain; the Constantine-Venizelos feud; and the Russian refugees in Constantinople and Paris. But the race problem and prohibition are the main courses; the rest is garnishing. Mr. Roberts loves long skulls, the Nordic race (except King Constantine), puns, liberty, and prohibition. He hates round skulls, Alpines, Mediterraneans (except Venizelos the Cretan) Jews, Slavs, license, beer, and whisky. His prophet is Mr. Madison Grant. Specialists like Dr. Robert Lowie have told us just how thorough and scientific Mr. Madison Grant is, but Mr. Kenneth Roberts is not nearly so thorough and scientific, for he would hate to appear as a highbrow. He does not like strong stuff, and takes his Passing of the Great Race with a lot of water. Or, if we may change the figure, he plays the tune—the Nordic national anthem—by ear only.

Mr. Roberts' consuming fear is that by the influx, continuous since 1880, of all kinds of round-skulled Alpines, Mediterraneans, Slavs, Greeks, Jews and other Bolsheviki the American nation, which is Nordic, will degenerate. "Practically all immigration to America prior to 1880 was composed of people of the Nordic race," he writes on p. 47, "the tall, blond, adventurous people from the northern countries of Europe: from Sweden and Norway and Denmark and England and Scotland—from certain sections of Germany and Belgium and Ireland and France and Holland. The Nordic people possess certain characteristics: they have long skulls and blond hair . . . they possess to a marked degree the ability to govern themselves and to govern others; and from their ranks have been recruited the world's voluntary explorers, pioneers, soldiers, sailors and adventurers. The early colonists of every undeveloped country in modern times have invariably been Nordics." (Spanish and Portuguese papers please copy.) "America, then, was a nation of Nordics."

But Mr. Kenneth Roberts, as said above, not only loves Nordics—he also hates strong liquor. On p. 263 he says: "The Briton of today is the descendant of Saxons and of Northmen who came out of the North with the most highly developed capacity for malt liquors ever seen outside of tank-car circles. . . . The Normans, that unsavory aggregation of thieves, murderers and pirates who have become very popular as ancestors in spite of their offensive personal habits, came over from France and conquered the Saxons. The Saxons absorbed them and taught them how to absorb beer." Thus arose England, a nation of "beer-worshipers." The depravity, physical and moral, of the beer-soaked English (and the whisky-soaked Scotch) as observed by Mr. Roberts, surpasses even the depravity of Central and South European roundskulls; for the latter, at least, have not been created by a Nordic God in his own tall blond dolichocephalic image. Later some of these beer-worshipers, descendants of swinish Saxons and unspeakable Normans, crossed the ocean, and—now turn to p. 22: "The American nation was founded and developed by the Nordic race."

Since 1880 the character of immigration has changed. Instead of blond tall Nordics a stream of Alpines, Mediterraneans and Jews has poured in. Unless this immigration is checked "the result must inevitably be a hybrid race of people as worthless and futile as the good-for-nothing mongrels of Central America and Southeastern Europe." (p. 22) "A mongrelized race of people" (a people, that is, of mixed Nordic and Mediterranean, or Nordic and Alpine strain) "is incapable of producing great artists or authors or statesmen or poets or architects or sculptors or explorers or warriors," p. 114. Witness Italy, as everybody knows.

It was bad enough before the war, it has been worse since. All Central Europe wants to come over to America, and the American passport offices on the continent are actually reduced to the necessity of issuing passports. And the idea of these Europeans "is always to take something from America—never to do anything for America" (p. 104).

But these foreigners do other horrid things, too. Take the Czechs, for instance. They (p. 25) "are inclined to be impatient of religious and political restraint." So were the Pilgrim Fathers, but the Czechs are also "strongly Social Democratic; and social democracy gives off a distinctly sour, bolshevistic odor. It is notorious that many of the Czech immigrants are greatly addicted" to moonshine whisky? no, but "to joining Freethinkers' societies in America and to allying themselves openly" (the nerve!) "with extreme socialists and anarchists." The charge about the freethinkers is, alas! true. That of extremism and anarchy is not, as any novice of Americanization statistics knows.

The trouble is that "freedom is a matter which is not rightly understood by Central Europeans. They have confounded it with"—yes, Dulcy, your guess is correct—"license" (p. 30). These mongrelized Central European roundheads actually believe that freedom is identical with the absence of that political and religious restraint of which they are inclined to be impatient. But then, the Nordic English are just as bad. They will not stomach prohibition. "An Englishman is a veritable glutton for his personal liberty" (p. 289).

The remedy suggested by Mr. Roberts is not, indeed, quite so drastic as the five-year immigration holiday recently proposed by his fellow-expert, Miss Lillian Russell. He merely suggests limitation of immigrants to, say, 100,000 a year, selected by consular officials in Europe and distributed, in hermetically sealed cars, f.o.b. New York, to employers who need them. "They will be delivered," in bond, "at the Michigan mines as rapidly as the trains can make the trip." In Michigan they will report each week at the county court house. What a wonderful way to instil love of American institutions! Memories of the little gray courthouse in the west will be cherished in later years by many a simple affectionate Croat heart.

Mr. Roberts' style is as breezy as it should be, which is a good deal. Especially refreshing are his puns, as when he says that the surging records of immigration will turn America into one vast surgery (p. 6). But a one hundred percent Nordic Anglo-Saxon ought to write better English than this: ". . . the Republican platform [of 1920] was disseminating hot air" in regard to immigration regulation. (p. 6).

All of which would not be very serious but for the fact that Mr. Roberts' views are usually proclaimed from the columns of a magazine which insures them a greater American circulation in a week than that which, say Bertrand Russell's Roads to Freedom can hope to attain in ten years.

EUGENE S. BAGGER.

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The Poets Laureate of England

The Laureateship; a study of the office of Poet Laureate in England with some account of the poets, by Edward Kemper Broadus, Professor of English at the University of Alberta. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.00.

THE laureateship has oftener been the subject of satire than of serious literary history, but Professor Broadus approaches it always as a scholar—avoiding "anecdotal by-play." The book must, as he confesses, savor of a "general exhumation," and by necessity a large part of a good book deals with bad poets. Professor Broadus begins with an account of the evolution of the office. Oddly enough it became official only by an accident of ignorance. War and exile destroyed court tradition and, at the Restoration, Davenant assumed a non-existent office. But six days after his death a warrant was issued "for a grant to John Dryden of the Office of Poet Laureate, void by the death of Sir William Davenant," and the laureateship as an official post dates from that warrant of 1668.

Professor Broadus follows the history of the office step by step from the illustrious days of Dryden into the degradation of the times of Shadwell, Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber—who confessed he "wrote more to be fed than to be famous;" the sincerer Whitehead and Warton; and Pye. It is small wonder Gray refused the proferred office with the comment, "I would rather be sergeant-trumpeter or pin-maker to the palace." Indeed, not long after, the Poet Laureate was to be ranked in the court lists below the "Principal Barber."

Throughout its history the laureateship has been a centre of ridicule. Henri d'Avranches, named versificator regis in 1257, was promptly assailed by a contemporary. "We used to call you Arch-Poet, but now we dub you a back-stairs poet, nay rather a mere poetaster; and as for your appearance, you are a perfect blackamoor, with a bull's head, a mule's jaw, and the nose of a puppy." The official laureates were treated nearly as roughly. Pope removed Theobald, the pedantic scholar, from his throne of dullness in The Dunciad to put Cibber in his place. Churchill bludgeoned Whitehead. Shadwell suffered at Dryden's hands before he received the appointment, and at everybody's hands afterwards. But on Warton was played the cruelest trick of all. On his appointment there appeared a volume purporting to be a collection of odes by candidates for the office. The first twenty-one were extravagant burlesque—the twenty-second was Warton's first official ode unaltered. It was the worst.

The last chapter of this volume tells of the rehabilitation of the office. Southey who, whatever his obvious shortcomings, had at least the virtue of self-respect, began it. It was in his day that the compulsory odes were abolished. So when Wordsworth accepted, it was with no obligations but as a "distinction . . . which expresses . . . a sense of the national importance of Poetic Literature." With magnificent complacency Wordsworth accepted that distinction —and wrote not a single laureate piece. His only official act was to attend (in a borrowed court costume far too small for him) one levee. But his very aloofness helped transform the laureateship from a much ridiculed office to an honor, and in that spirit Tennyson in turn accepted it.

Professor Broadus concludes with a discussion of Tennyson and his two successors which contains some of the best critical work of the volume. His appraisal of Tennyson as a laureate is illuminating and sound. "Even his limitations in this sort" (poems of simple life), reads one paragraph, "while they diminish his greatness, made him at the time so much more the laureate of his people. If he saw only the surface of character . . . his very superficiality and his lucidity of phrase made him the more intelligible to his varied public. If he was 'mid-Victorian,' if the heroines of his Idylls of the King are only sentimental Victorian ladies with a touch of prudishness, it but insured him a more responsive audience."

ROYALL SNOW.

Senator Depew Extends His Remarks

My Memories of Eighty Years, by Chauncey M. Depew. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

THE autobiography is a favorite vehicle for an ex-statesman's apologia. In it, he can assert without fear of successful contradiction that he was always right as God gave him to see the right and his opponents wrong about all political questions that came within his ken during an active and useful life dedicated to his country's service. However partisan such an account may be, it is quite likely to throw some light upon the history of the period with which it is concerned. Hoar, Platt, Boutwell, Foraker, Champ Clark and a host of others wrote autobiographies after this fashion. They took themselves seriously and seemed to expect their readers to do likewise. Their books are frequently irritating because of important omissions and tiresome because of over-much self-righteousness. Nevertheless, the serious minded reader is able to obtain a little information from them and, if he use his imagination on top of what he already knows, he can get a good deal of instruction.

But this is not true of Mr. Chauncey Depew's Memories of Eighty Years. It is a thing apart in the way of autobiographies. It can best be characterized as an extended after-dinner speech in which this friendly old banquetter holds up to the reader's view some three hundred great and near-great of America and Europe, past and present. These three hundred include all our Presidents from Lincoln to Harding (all favorably mentioned except Andrew Johnson and Woodrow Wilson), politicians, princes, actors, noble lords and ladies, kings and queens, labor leaders, educators, artists, journalists and last but not least, the late Shah of Persia, who made a visit to England and while there attempted to add a certain beautiful English lady to his already large collection in Teheran. This little pleasantry at the Shah's expense serves to illustrate Mr. Depew's method. He believes that "sometimes an anecdote illustrates a character more than a biography." With this statement few will quarrel, but for all Mr. Depew's reputation as a raconteur, the reviewer does not feel that many of his stories are particularly revealing of character. For instance, most of us already knew the Shah was a polygamist and was ever on the look-out for new and attractive additions to his harem. Again, some of us were aware that William M. Evarts was an able lawyer and very witty, but to be reminded that he once sent a ham and a copy of a speech to Chief Justice Waite with the explanation that both were the productions of his pen is rather cheapening of Evarts than otherwise. Certainly this very able statesman was too sensible a man to wish to have this sorry pun im-

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mortalized. Mark Twain had a genuine sense of humor but anyone reading Mr. Depew's anecdotes about him would hardly suspect it (for illustration see pp. 291-295).

And so it goes. Four-fifths of his stories are either superfluous or inept. The other fifth are stale and characterless. But they are all good natured and are kindly intentioned. Mr. Depew is a humorist, but his humor is not very discriminating. He likes all men, if they are good conventional fellows, but they all look more or less alike in these pages. Perhaps most of them were a good deal alike, but some of the people he tells us about were really, truly different. These differences, however, are not made to stand out.

B. B. KENDRICK.

The Great White South

The Great White South, Being an Account of Experiences With Captain Scott's South Pole Expedition and of the Nature Life of the Antarctic, by Herbert G. Ponting, F. R. G. S. New York: Robert M. McBride and Co. Illustrated. $7.50.

THE Great White South, by Herbert G. Ponting, who was the official photographer of Captain Scott's ill-fated expedition of 1910-1913, appeared in England last summer and is now published here. It is a fair sample of the modern British method of writing about Antarctic exploration in that with characteristic British modesty it deals chiefly with trivial incident and commonplace routine and avoids that sense of living upon a more quickened plane of experience which, emanating from the history of such high adventurers, might serve to exalt and gratify the unadventurous reader, even in his arm-chair. Mr. Ponting is content to give a running account, supplemented by very good photographs, of life at the base camp of a great expedition. The story might be of Shackleton's or of Mawson's party except for its retelling of the tragic circumstances of the loss of Scott and his four companions. The author is a very skilful, even if not a very imaginative, photographer. For this reason his book would be a valuable addition to the literature of the Ends of the Earth even without any text at all. Not that the text is bad. Lady Scott indeed remarks in her enthusiastic preface, "What good reading it is!" As writing, however, it is totally without distinction and it does not present very much material which will not be ancient history to the reader who has had his sense of the nobility of human character in the face of suffering and defeat heightened by what has already been published touching upon Captain Scott's heroic end.

Mr. Ponting has none the less succeeded in giving, through the medium of his photographs, a clear impression of the physical appearance of the edge of the Antarctic continent and of the living things which, through the agency of a cold sea teeming with life, visit it to sojourn for a time upon its astonishing barrenness. Mr. Ponting succeeds in this just well enough to make us realize what a wonderful revelation a complete photographic survey of that region, within which there is no resident native life, made by some such genius as Vittorio Sella, might be to a world that esteems life perhaps too highly.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

Heavens

Heavens, by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

THIS book is neatly gotten up and has a futuristic cover design and frontispiece. The contents consist of: first, what purport to be extravaganzas on the nature of heaven in the respective manners of Chesterton, Wells, George Moore, Cabell and Sinclair Lewis, with a prologue and four intermissions; second, five "previews" (a "preview" is carefully defined on the publishers' jacket as "a review of an unwritten book"), the last of which parodies seventeen American poets, ranging from Edwin Arlington Robinson to Robert W. Service.

There is an air of good humor and high spirits in this collection of parodies and literary chit-chat. But if one is not exactly primed to meet Mr. Untermeyer half way, or a bit more than half way, he will find that the cleverness seems obvious, the allusions too thick-set and insistent, and will accumulate weariness as he proceeds. Parody, one fancies, is a dangerous art, requiring to be stunningly well done if it is to be done at all. Mr. Untermeyer is rather the alertly gesticulating and amused cicerone than the irresponsible, sprightly, yet somewhat nonchalant Ariel that he should be. His unflagging, urban up-to-the minuteness has the flattening effect of an interminable run of electric lights on Broadway, 10 P. M.

It is impossible to avoid the comparison with Max Beerbohm. The Wells, for instance, of Heavens is an industriously assembled pastiche of the various items that Mr. Untermeyer had entered in his unwritten concordance to the works of his victim. Mr. Wells is cut up but does not bleed. In A Christmas Garland Mr. Beerbohm gives Wells a gay run for his life and manages to get him. His good humor and grace capture the victim just because these qualities are but the last refinement of a lust for blood. While Mr. Beerbohm cannot leave himself out of the game —for it is, after all, his game—Mr. Untermeyer, keen and voluble, does not succeed in getting himself into it.

EDWARD SAPIR.

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